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HISTORY
OF
THE FAMILIES OF
LARCOM, HOLLIS, AND MCKINLEY

BY
MONTAGU BURROWS, R.N.. M.A.

For Private Circulation only

xford

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INTRODUCTION.

BORN about the middle of the last century, four naval officers, of nearly the same age, and so united by inter-marriage that they were practically brothers in every respect, nobly performed their part in the mighty wars between Great Britain and the rest of the world which issued in the firm establishment of the modern British Empire created by Chatham, Hawke, Anson, Wolfe, Clive, and Boscawen. Such brief notices of these gallant seamen as can now be recovered may not be unacceptable to those of their descendants whose blood kindles with the memory of a glorious past.

The names of these four officers were Captain Thomas Larcom, Commissioner Joseph Larcom, Admiral Aiskew Paffard Hollis, and Admiral George M^cKinley. The first two were brothers; Joseph Larcom and George M^cKinley married, as young lieutenants, the two pretty sisters of Aiskew Paffard Hollis. The harmony between the four, cemented by these domestic ties, was uninterrupted through life, and has been continued in their families to the present day. Seldom has brotherhood in blood marched more gracefully along with brotherhood in arms. The first-named of the four was, it will be seen, the least intimately connected with the rest of the band; he was by a few years the oldest, and died much the earliest; but he was unmarried, and his brother's ties were his own.

They were all connected with one common place of residence, Gosport, in those days a small fortified town, the interests of which were as closely connected with the Royal

Navy as those of Portsmouth itself, but the country surrounding which was still the country, exhibiting the rural features of the county of Hants in a manner very different from anything which could be found in the immediate neighbourhood of busy Portsmouth. That place was far more than at present the one great dockyard and arsenal of England, occupying much the same position as Brest, before Louis XIV called into existence, as its coadjutors, Toulon and Rochefort. Gosport was the favourite residence of retired admirals, captains, and lieutenants, men generally of humble means, but full of noble traditions, who rejoiced in spending the evening of their days in close proximity to the old wooden hulks of which they themselves had once been the pride, and amidst the incessant going and coming of the fleets in which their sons and grandsons were embarked. Who shall say how much of the spirit which has made England what it is, was generated and perpetuated in such a focus of honest patriotism, just as it was in the Middle Ages at the Cinque Ports, in Elizabethan times at the ports of Devon, and in the days of the Stuarts at Lowestoft and Harwich! How well I remember as a child walking on the Gosport ramparts—the ‘Lines’ as they were called—with the ancient ladies of the Larcom kin, and listening with delighted ears to their simple stories of the naval members of the family whose lives still formed the chief subject of their affectionate recollections. It was but a type of what those ‘Lines’ had often witnessed in many previous generations,—Britannia, as the elaborate illustrations of the old naval histories loved to represent her, pointing out with expressive gesture the pictured deeds of heroes to the glistening eye of youth.

There is a special interest in the career of our family heroes independent of their blood and their connection. They all came into the world either just before, or just after, the great Peace of Paris in 1763, by which, after the struggles of twenty-four years with France and Spain, the right of Great Britain to her Modern Empire was signed and sealed.

They were thus born into a glorious inheritance. The great Earl of Chatham, to whom, under Providence, the acquisition of that Empire was chiefly due, was still the most conspicuous man, the most renowned statesman in Europe; the great Lord Hawke was the visible representative of the Navy. He was still First Lord of the Admiralty while some of them were of an age to be well aware of the fact, and the revered name of the 'father of the British navy' was in every mouth while they were advancing to manhood. The memory of Anson and Boscawen had not yet passed away; Keppel's famous Trial must have been the staple of their conversation as midshipmen and lieutenants; Rodney and Howe were the great chiefs under whom they were actually led to glorious victory. What must have been their feelings when, just as they were budding into efficient naval life, they found themselves called upon, along with their compeers, to bear their part in saving their country once more from the grasp of those 'twice-battered' enemies, France and Spain!

These Powers calculated that Great Britain, overweighted and depressed in the struggle with her own rebellious colonies, would at once succumb when those colonies were reinforced, at the critical moment, by the naval Powers which had formerly given her so much trouble to overcome, and which had been studiously and stealthily replacing their forces during the Peace. How nearly did the newly-acquired Empire seem to be doomed to a premature collapse! How grandly did the British fleet under Rodney rise to the occasion! How finely did Lord Howe, when the new war of the French Revolution broke out, read his foe the old lesson on the First of June! Young Hollis, still a child, had served in Keppel's action of 1778; young M^cKinley, still a boy, bore his part on Rodney's glorious Twelfth of April in 1782; the two Larcoms and Hollis, by that time three of the most experienced lieutenants in the service, were no small contributors to Howe's glorious victory in 1794. But these were only portions out of many valuable services performed by each; and will find mention under their separate records.

The question may naturally occur—Why did no one of these prime seamen and gallant officers rise to the higher places in the profession, to the command of fleets, and titles of distinction? It might be enough to say that there is a great deal of what men call ‘fortune’ in these matters. Some must fill the first and some the second posts. As a matter of fact, the eldest of the brotherhood had a very near chance of becoming one of the leaders of the naval service. Captain Thomas Larcom, by his conduct as first lieutenant of Lord Howe’s flag-ship on the First of June, at once emerged into high rank, and as ‘Acting-Captain’ commanded the *Russell*, a line-of-battle ship, in Lord Bridport’s action. He was soon afterwards Flag-Captain to Sir Charles Cotton and (Lord) Collingwood in quick succession, and would perhaps have made a name; but his career was suddenly cut short by death. The other three, who had no such sudden lift at a critical moment, spent too long a time in the ranks of lieutenant, commander, and captain, to obtain as high a place as was required to reap the full benefit of the services they had performed before the conclusion of the war; and the reason of that long delay is to be found in the aristocratic condition of the navy in those days. Men of family were pushed on early in life, or some species of back-stairs interest supplied the place of birth and position. The origin of the four brothers was good, worthy, and respectable,—a better inheritance than much that goes by the name of nobility,—but it was not of a nature, under such a state of things, to absolve our ancestors from the necessity of making their own way in the world; and this meant a long apprenticeship in the lower grades of the service.

Judged indeed by the standard of modern days, the great amount of good war-service performed by some of these men would command very liberal rewards; but we must remember the enormous dimensions of the forces called out in the war, and the severe rivalry of so many candidates for distinction. Nor, it must be admitted, were any of the brotherhood, as far as one can judge, men of the superlative

type of the Nelsons, Howes, Jervises, Collingwoods, Hoods, or Pellews. But they were decidedly above the average, as we shall see when we get farther. They may still more favourably compare with their contemporaries in their virtuous and blameless lives. Respected, loved, admired, they did something to elevate their generation ; and some of them were men of a solid, but undemonstrative, religious character which their gallant deeds rendered the more exemplary. They may be reckoned as witnesses to later times of the better traditions of a period which has been too indiscriminately condemned, but which no doubt did require the impetus of new religious movements to render its excellent principles earnest and practical. ‘To honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, and honour the king,’ was with our ancestors ‘the whole duty of man ;’ and in their case it must be allowed that their actions did on the whole correspond with their belief.

We now turn to the birth and parentage of the brotherhood, and begin with the Larcoms.

THE LARCOM FAMILY.

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE LARCOM FAMILY.

IN one of his memorandum-books Sir Thomas Aiskew Larcom, the lately deceased head of the family, has made the following remarks:—

‘It is the tradition of our family that we were French Protestants who left Languedoc on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes [1685] and settled in the Isle of Wight. They certainly were in that island in the beginning of the last century (the eighteenth), and the time of leaving it is entered in the Family Bible. They possessed land in the parish of Whippingham; but when my brother sought to arrive at conclusive evidence he was thrown out by the parish register having been destroyed in an accidental fire some years before, of which he obtained the certificate of Mr. Harrison, the clergyman of the parish.

‘Thomas Larcom, who “first left the island” [born 1708], was the youngest of two sons, the elder of whom remained in the island, dissipated his property, and went to America.

‘This Thomas had a son [born 1732], who seems to have been a man of some ability. He died young [1768], but left a daughter and two sons, my uncle Tom and my father. Of both these sons I have preserved a few memoranda.’

I have incorporated all these memoranda (which it must be confessed are meagre enough) in the following pages: but I may here remark that when the writer of them married, in 1843, he took out a Grant of Arms. The Ulster King of Arms, Sir William Betham, aware of the Huguenot tradition of the family, assigned the device of a shield argent; on a mount a hawthorn bush proper; and in chief, an eagle dis-

played, gules. These arms attracted, but not until they appeared in the Baronetage, many years afterwards, the attention of a Mr. G. Albert Lewis of Philadelphia, who wrote to Sir Thomas for information on the subject, he himself being descended from a French refugee family, named Larcombe, which had been long settled in America. The arms, he said, 'seem to convey so much of the signification of the name of "La Combe," or the "Mountain top," and "flight," which has a prominent place in the tradition of the family of Larcom and Larcombe.'

He had learnt from

'an heraldic source in Paris that, during the Revolution in France, over six hundred large written volumes, containing thousands of names of families of the French kingdom, were brought from their time-honoured resting-places by the infuriated mob, and burned,—thus obliterating the records of centuries in an hour; and that the same Vandalism was enacted in most of the towns. . . . There are at the present time several families in different parts of France bearing the name of La Combe; one, an officer in the hussars, bears a shield azure, a phoenix, or, rising from burning faggots, gules; a sun in dexter, chief of the second,—emblematic of the rising of the family from the fires of persecution.'

Later on, Mr. Lewis writes (April 27, 1870):—

'Upon continued investigation it appears that there are now living descendants of two original families of Larkham or Larcom, and of Larcombe, in this country, from the family of Massachusetts and from that of Connecticut [both New England provinces, to which the families of Protestant refugees would naturally repair]. A third distinct family of Lacombe or Larcombe of (?) Massachusetts (erroneously supposed to have been of the first-named) is said to have died out, or returned to France from whence it originally came direct.'

Still later on Sir T. Larcom enters a further paper from Mr. Lewis:—

'During the persecutions consequent on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or during the terrible trials of the Protestants preceding the Revocation, a French or Piedmontese family of La

Combe fled from France to England, and settled in the island [? if this means the Isle of Wight, as the word "removed" which follows implies a settlement in some previous place in England]. One of the brothers of this family, after some years, removed to a county between the Channel and the vicinity of Bristol, and subsequently sailed from Bristol to America, settled in Hartford, Connecticut, and died there at a great age, 102 years. His descendants wrote their names "Larcom," and after some years "Larcombe" (1756), and one of them "Larkum." The name of "Thomas" seems to have been a hallowed one in the family, coming down from father to son in successive generations. One of these, Thomas Larcombe, born in Hartford, Connecticut, Oct. 31, 1756, was engaged during the better part of the American Revolution sailing Letters of Marque or Privateers. He was twice captured on cruises to Havana and taken into Bermuda,—the second time in a sinking condition, having had a running fight with a British cruiser, which lasted $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours. He was finally captured, losing everything. He died July 27, 1823. His son, the Rev. Thomas Larcombe, was born at Philadelphia, May 12, 1790. He was a Baptist minister at Colebrook and Danbury, Connecticut, and died Oct. 1, 1861, leaving two sons and two daughters, viz. John Howard Larcombe, born 1820, living in Maryland; Augustus Larcombe, born 1822, living in Tennessee; Jane Elizabeth Larcombe, born 1829, = Rev. Dr. Horman Lincoln of Boston; Anne Cornelia Larcombe, born 1831, = G. Albert Lewis of Philadelphia [the writer].

This account of the Larcom or Larcombe family in America fits in with much precision to what can be gathered from the family Bible, to which Sir Thomas refers, and which is in possession of his sister, our Aunt Harriet Larcom. From that Bible, and from the tombstone in Alverstoke churchyard, the early part of the pedigree here given has been constructed.

Thus the ancestor of Mr. Lewis's wife, to whom he refers as one of the brothers of a refugee family of Larcombes or Larcoms, who had first settled in the 'island,' and then emigrated to Hartford, Connecticut, dying there aged 102, might well be the elder brother of Thomas Larcom (2) to whom Sir Thomas refers, as having 'dissipated his property' [at Whip-

tingham] and gone to Amercia. The younger brother, who is described on the family vault as 'of Wootton Bridge,' instead of emigrating, 'left the island' for the main land, and probably settled at Gosport. At any rate we hear no more of him except that he died, soon after the death of his third wife, aged 76, and left by his first wife a son Thomas Larcom (3), who was an officer in the Dockyard at Portsmouth. Our aunt Harriet Larcom thinks he was called a 'Quarterman,' which name anciently designated, I believe, the superintendent of a certain number of shipwrights. Our uncle says 'he seems to have been a man of some ability,' which is likely enough, for he certainly transmitted a more than average allowance to his sons and daughter. Most of the French Protestant refugees were men of character and ability. It required no little vigour and independence to prefer exile to submission, and a very large number of their descendants, much larger in proportion to the whole than is usual with Englishmen, have achieved distinction in the land of their adoption. The father and son who first settled at Gosport were probably in reduced circumstances; their Whippingham land was gone, and they had to earn their living. Of the occupation of the father we have no certain knowledge. The younger Thomas, at least, the father of the two Captains, must have been in a good position of life, or we may be sure that his sons would not have been sent to sea as midshipmen, instead of in some lower grade of the profession appropriate to persons of inferior rank.

It will be observed that this Thomas Larcom (3) died at the age of 35¹, and his wife Charity five years after him, leaving their three children orphans, Thomas at the age of 14, Joseph at the age of 8, and Ann at the age of 7. Fortunately Charity Larcom's sister, Mary (or Ann), had married Lieutenant Hill, R.N., who had died leaving his widow with two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary Hill. Mrs. Hill became a mother to the three orphans, who were brought up with her own children.

¹ See the Larcom Pedigree at the end of this book.

The memory of this Mrs. Hill ought to be cherished by all the descendants of the Larcoms. To her education, especially of the two youngest orphans, many of the excellent qualities they exhibited must certainly be attributed. It must have been under her management that the two boys, or at least Joseph, were sent to sea, and the idea of a home as a centre of family life, to be reproduced when they grew up, must have been planted in their minds by her. As their family union was of an unusually high type, we must look to her as having set the pattern. This good lady lived on to the beginning of the present century, leaving at her death her two daughters to the charge of Ann Larcom, with whom they lived as sisters till she and Mary Hill died, in old age. The third—‘Aunt Betsy’ as she used to be called—then came to spend the remainder of an extreme old age under the loving care of our aunts, Elizabeth and Harriet Larcom, and died in 1860.

Ann Larcom and her two cousins were the link between us boys and the old times. From ‘Aunt Betsy,’ to whom Thomas and Joseph Larcom had been as brothers, we used to hear how ‘Tom,’ when he paid off his ship as first lieutenant, used to bring his perquisite, the ship’s old pendant, ashore as a memento, and how tenderly she used to preserve it; but I cannot say I ever saw one of these precious relics. The memory of Tom, though he passed away while they were still young, was, I think, more present with the Hills than that of ‘Joe;’ at least, it strikes me so, though I may be quite wrong. Tom was the lively one, the bachelor, and their house was his home whenever he came ashore; but that was seldom. He was a man who read books, and he used to compare notes with Betsy Hill. ‘Aunt Larcom’ was always looked upon as a pattern of strong sense and good judgment. She was the friend and adviser of her brothers as long as they lived, and was profoundly venerated by the next generation. In the early married life of her brother Joseph she was of the greatest assistance, and not less so in the management of his Hythe property during his absence at Malta; and

Mrs. Hill's usefulness to the young wife, our grandmother, seems also to have been remembered in the family.

Before, however, we come to the Commissioner and his wife, we must put together all that can now be recovered about the elder brother. It is but little, for the brothers have been less fortunate than their two kinsmen, as far as public materials for a biography are concerned. They had not seniority enough to appear in Charnock's *Lives*, and they both died before 1823, the year selected by Marshall for commencing his *Biography of living officers*. Thus while we can obtain the whole services of Admirals Hollis and M^cKinley, we are without any knowledge of the services of the two Larcoms, till we find them as senior lieutenants in 1794. One exception indeed there is of an interesting kind, a *Journal* kept by the Commissioner for part of the year 1787. If they had anything like the good fortune of their kinsmen they must have seen some sort of active service during the war with the American Colonies; but they did not serve under Keppel as Hollis did, nor under Rodney like M^cKinley; and the Peace of Versailles (1783) came at an inopportune moment for them. Even the eldest was too young to have made his way above the rank of junior lieutenant, and the ten-years' Peace was therefore in their case simply a period of constant service and education in their profession, without much chance of advancement. Their turn came when the war of the French Revolution broke out in 1793; their war-services ended with the Peace of Amiens in 1801. Thomas died soon after the war broke out afresh, and Joseph's subsequent services, excellent of their kind, were solely connected with the Civil branches of the Navy.

CAPTAIN THOMAS LARCOM, R.N.

'THE glorious First of June' was a grand day for the brotherhood. The two Larcoms were First Lieutenants, and Hollis Third Lieutenant, of ships engaged. The two former received their promotion to the rank of Commander after the battle ; Hollis had to wait nearly three years more.

Whether Thomas Larcom had previously served under Howe, or whether he was selected for his merit, we do not know ; but it was a great honour, at the opening of this tremendous war with Revolutionary France, in 1793, to be appointed First Lieutenant of the Commander-in-chief's ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, of 100 guns, at the head of a fleet which bore the flags of six admirals, besides the Union Jack at the main, which Howe now hoisted for the first time after the lapse of a century.

There are several accounts of this great battle, and in two of the best, Thomas Larcom's name figures conspicuously. This would not of course be the case unless the writers had been immediately concerned with the ship in which he served. Sir John Barrow, in his *Life of Lord Howe*, is one of these ; Sir Edward Codrington, who was junior Lieutenant of the *Queen Charlotte*, is the other. Only just as much of the story as is necessary to make it intelligible will be inserted here.

War had been declared with England and Holland by France on Feb. 1, 1793 ; but it was not till the summer that Lord Howe was at sea with a fleet of 15 line-of-battle ships. Nothing of importance occurred this year, and the Admiral decided to keep the fleet in English ports during the winter rather than blockade the French, after the fashion of the

old wars under Hawke and Anson. These tactics were much censured at the time, and with some justice. At the opening of a war it was of extreme importance to practise officers and men in all the operations required in battle, and which can only be learnt at sea. Thus only could the weak points in the fleet be discovered, and the inefficient officers be exchanged for abler men. Thus only could the unity of feeling between the Admiral and the rest of the commanding officers which distinguished a Hawke in the earlier war, and a Nelson in this, be gradually enabled to penetrate into every department, and cause the decisive results which refuse to attend upon haphazard combinations. The chief scene of the war this year was in the Mediterranean, where Lord Hood at the head of a large fleet occupied Toulon at the invitation of the French Royalists, and was eventually expelled by a young officer of artillery, Napoleon Buonaparte. Meanwhile the Republicans applied themselves to the reconstitution of their naval service, expelling the Royalists, and replacing them by ardent, and for the most part far less experienced, officers of their own politics. This no doubt facilitated the victory gained by Lord Howe. The two fleets were of exactly equal numbers, 26 line-of-battle ships each, and in May, 1794, they set out to look for one another. The larger number of three-deckers in the British fleet may be set against the larger size and heavier metal of the French ships generally.

In the Autobiography of Prince Metternich recently published there is a graphic account of the view presented by the English fleet at Spithead, from a hill in the Isle of Wight, with the two fleets of merchant-ships on either side of it, one proceeding under its protection to the eastward, the other to the westward. On a fine bright day he saw them weigh and make sail, remarked the perfect order of the men of war, manœuvring just like the divisions and regiments of an army, and declares that though he had seen every sort of sight in the world, nothing had ever come up to the beauty of this.

The fleets soon met, the French under M. Villaret Joyeuse.

It was a sort of duel to be fought for opposite principles. Regicide France, on fire with the ideas of Liberty and Equality, baptized in blood, and proclaiming a mission to impregnate the world with the new gospel, against loyal and religious England, fully aware of her danger, and recognising that the time had come when men must die to defend the cause of order and the fundamental laws of social life. Lord Howe was not without his difficulties. There had been a Peace of ten years; and he could not be sure of his captains, some of whom were inexperienced. This prevented his attacking by night, which he would otherwise have done; and together with his own great age, prevented the battle from partaking of the complete character which might fairly have been expected against such an enemy. The two fleets manœuvred without doing anything decisive for no less than four days before the real attack was delivered. It must have been a most trying time to all concerned. On the 29th the French had almost been brought to action after a severe skirmish; but we will pass over this, and come at once to the First of June.

On that morning Howe found himself, thanks to the fog which had hidden the fleets from each other for parts of the preceding days, in a favourable situation for attack, his own ships in line and to windward. He made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent in the enemy's line, and set the example by bearing down and breaking the line under the stern of the *Montagne*, a three-decker, carrying the French Admiral's flag. The moment he began to execute this manœuvre, of which Rodney had set the first brilliant example in 1782, the French rear, with great judgment, made all sail to close up and support their centre and van. This it was which prevented some of the other ships from following the lead of the *Queen Charlotte*, while it brought her between two fires, that of the *Montagne* and that of the *Jacobin*, which had closed up to the aid of the *Montagne*. The English flag-ship's fire was, however, so admirably directed by Larcom, Codrington, and

their fellow-officers that the *Montagne* soon sheared off. The *Queen Charlotte's* position had been taken up at such close quarters between the two ships that her jibboom, in rounding to, had grazed the mizen shrouds of the *Jacobin*. There are few finer instances of exact and steady seamanship. Besides these two ships, she soon found herself engaged also with the *Juste*, the *Montagne's* second ahead; nor was any one of the British fleet near enough to help her. Only five of them had contrived to break the line. These were the *Defence*, Captain, afterwards Lord, Gambier; the *Marlborough*, Captain the Hon. George Berkeley; the *Royal George*, Admiral Sir Alexander Hood, afterwards Lord Bridport; the *Queen*, Admiral Alan, afterwards Lord, Gardner; and the *Brunswick*, Captain John Harvey. Many of the others Captains, some by the bad sailing of their ships, some by mismanagement, missed their opportunity, and one, the *Cæsar's* Captain, Molloy, was afterwards tried by court-martial and dismissed his ship. Hollis was in the *Queen*, which behaved best of all, Joseph Larcom in the *Thunderer*, which did as little as any, though no special fault was found with her Captain. The other ships, which, though they did not break the line, did their duty admirably, were the *Bellerophon*, Admiral, afterwards Sir Thomas, Pasley; the *Leviathan*, Lord Hugh Conway Seymour; the *Russell*, Captain Payne; the *Royal Sovereign*, Admiral, afterwards Lord, Graves; the *Invincible*, Captain the Hon. Thomas Pakenham; the *Barfleur*, Admiral, afterwards Sir George, Bowyer, Bart., with Collingwood for Flag Captain, (this ship less than the rest); the *Glory*, Captain Elphinstone, which though late in the day, from her bad sailing, did break the line at last, and must be added to the six reported by Lord Howe as having done so; and the *Orion*, Captain, afterwards Sir John, Duckworth. The *Impregnable* also, Admiral Caldwell, though she did not engage close enough, suffered considerably; but she was one of the ships whose captains were excepted from the reward of a medal for the victory, along with those

of the *Cæsar*, *Tremendous*, *Culloden*, *Gibraltar*, *Alfred*, *Majestic*, and *Thunderer*. The captains of the *Brunswick* which did wonders, and of the *Montagu* which did but little, were one of them killed in battle, the other, *Harvey*, mortally wounded, and thus were not capable of receiving medals. The *Valiant* and *Ramilies*, on the other hand, whose captains received medals, seem to have done but little, nor did they suffer much.

The general result was that the *Queen Charlotte* and the five ships which broke the line were dreadfully battered, and it was the French ships which they had attacked which were for the most part captured—six in all, besides the *Vengeur* which was sunk by the *Brunswick*. The *Queen Charlotte* lost her fore and main topmasts, her seventh lieutenant, a lieutenant of foot, and 11 seamen killed; and Captain Sir James Douglas, 1 midshipman, 22 seamen, and 5 marines or soldiers wounded. Nearly all these casualties to officers and men occurred while bearing down, when no fire could be returned; but so effective was her fire when she had once got alongside of her enemies that they were able to do but little execution in return. How large a portion of the conflict was borne by a few ships is shown by the fact that quite half the fleet were scarcely damaged, and perfectly capable of renewing the action; and it is this circumstance which has caused the general opinion that Howe, if he had not been 69 years old, and completely worn out with so many days' fatigue, would have brought home a great many more than six prizes, and sunk more than one in addition. It has been sufficiently proved that he listened, in this respect, to the advice of his Captain of the Fleet, Sir Roger Curtis, a well-tried officer, but a man whose standard of success was not pitched at the old British height. In Codrington's account he does not come out well.

Let us now proceed to that account, which appears in the *Life* published by Codrington's daughter Lady Bouchier, in 1873, and which she took down from his dictation in 1838.

The first notice of his old shipmate, Tom Larcom, occurs in reference to this very Sir Roger Curtis in 1793, to whose neglect, and that of Captain Molloy, Codrington attributes the failure of Howe to bring a French squadron to action in that year.

‘As lieutenant of the forecastle watch, I told him that with my night-glass I could see them quite plain, going away with the wind on their larboard quarter. Larcom, the first lieutenant, repeated this to Sir Roger Curtis on the forecastle, in presence of the midshipmen and men around us; and we both urged him, unsuccessfully, to bear up after them. Nor did he, as was his duty, make known this report to Lord Howe.’ (p. 29.)

Next, in describing the battle of the ‘First of June, 1794,’ and having brought the Queen Charlotte into her second position between the *Juste* and the *Jacobin*, he says:—

‘Lord Howe sent down Larcom to say we were firing into the *Invincible*, and to cease firing. “*Invincible*,” I said, “why she is a French ship which has been firing at us all along.” “I know that,” said Larcom; “let’s have a shot.” Lord Howe himself came down to stop the firing, and thinking it was Barney Hale (another lieutenant) who had fired the gun, struck him with his sword. The people at my quarters were firing all the time, whilst I was talking to Lord Howe, and assuring him it was a French ship: and just at this time the *Juste* fell off before the wind, and coming under our stern, gave us two wicked shots in passing. Lord Howe saw her, as we did, with her colours up, in the interval of firing, on her coming down on the angle of impunity, and was then convinced it was not the *Invincible*.’

This story shows that our great-uncle had a narrow escape of being struck with the irate old Admiral’s sword for obeying his own correct judgment instead of his orders.

Again:—

‘After the action was over and the firing had ceased, Larcom came down to us on the lower deck and said, “Everything must be ready for renewing the action.” I answered immediately, “Everything at my quarters is as ready as when we fired our first gun: and now may I go on deck?” “Yes.” Upon reaching

the quarter-deck and shaking hands with old Bowen, I observed him looking very sulky, and I said, "What's the matter with you, old fellow?" Answer: "The Captain of the Fleet won't let us pursue the enemy." Larcom then said to me, "Now, Master Codrington, as you are here, make yourself of use." "Very well," said I, "I'll go and clear away the wreck of the maintop-mast." So I went up to the maintop with tomahawks, &c., to cut away the wreck.'

He then goes on to speak still less favourably of Curtis. The above story so exactly corresponds with that by Sir Robert Stopford, given in Barrow's 'Howe,' that it may be taken to settle the question of Curtis's share in letting off the French ships. The notices of the First Lieutenant coming in thus casually, give the above extracts a double value. We see him just as he was, an active, useful, brave officer, with his eyes about him, and no doubt worth anything to the Admiral and Captain of the *Queen Charlotte*.

That Lord Howe had this opinion of him is shown by the following anecdote told by Barrow, who must have heard it from some friend of Howe's, or of some one who had served on board the flag-ship. It is remarkable that it should have been remembered and handed down for so many years. Larcom had been dead thirty-three years when it was published. Here is Barrow's story:—

'Shortly after the return of the *Charlotte* to Portsmouth, Lord Howe sent for the First Lieutenant, Larcom, whom he thus addressed: "Mr. Larcom, your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary you should leave this ship." Larcom, who was as brave as his admiral, a good officer and seaman, was thunderstruck, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "Good God, my lord, what have I done? why am I to leave this ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power!" "Very true, sir," said Lord Howe, "but leave this ship you must; and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as Commander, for your conduct on the late occasion."'

It is scarcely possible to imagine higher testimony than this. But perhaps it was a still higher compliment that

this very Sir Roger Curtis, whose faults had been so clearly perceived by both Larcom and Codrington at the opening of the war, begged, on hoisting his flag at a little later date, to have Larcom as his Captain in the *Prince*, but the 'rule of the service' prevented so young a Captain from taking it. Lord Howe on that occasion wrote the following note in his Journal:—

'Larcom is, I believe, nearer 40 than 30 years of age . . . Other Captains have been appointed to ships of the line, now with me, by the late Admiralty, who never before commanded a ship of the line, and who, residing in town in discontinuance of all professional duties for ten or twelve years, were never once afloat, unless upon a sea of politics in a parliamentary character.'

The old Admiral thus resented the denial of the principle of selection, and he considered Larcom's a proper case for such selection. But as a matter of fact his favourite officer was made 'Acting-Captain' of the *Russell*, a 74, immediately after his promotion to Commander, and in her he was one of those Captains of Lord Bridport's fleet in 1795 which took part in the battle known as 'Lord Bridport's action' off the West Coast of Brittany. It was not a great battle, and some of the Captains, as on the First of June, either from bad sailing, or from their position when the enemy was sighted, did not share in the action, but the *Russell* did, and lost 3 men killed and 10 wounded. She was one of the fastest ships in the squadron. It was thought Lord Bridport ought to have made more out of the superiority of force which he possessed. Still it was a victory for which medals were given to the Captains, though with such extreme dilatoriness that Larcom died long before they were issued, and when Sir Thomas Larcom in recent times applied to know whether it was yet possible to recover the medal, he was told that the claim was just, but that no medal was forthcoming.

In 1799 we find Larcom in the *Prince* as Flag-captain to Sir Charles Cotton, and his ship again forming one of Lord Bridport's fleet cruising in the Channel, opposed to the finest

fleet the French had yet sent forth, commanded by Admiral Bruix. Bridport, however, allowed this fleet to get out of Brest and make its way to the Mediterranean, where it was again missed by Lord St. Vincent and Lord Keith in succession; but having got safe into a Spanish port, it did little more. The superiority of the English Navy had by this time been perfectly assured by the victories of St. Vincent in 1797, and of Duncan and Nelson in 1798.

The above particulars of Thomas Larcom's services have been (after June 1, 1794) taken from James's '*Naval History*;' but it would also seem that he was Flag-Captain to Collingwood in the *Prince*. When he was paid off we do not know; but though his services were performed only as 'Acting-Captain' and Flag-Captain, it is evident that he had made his way to a position which, if he had lived, would have ensured him rank and title when the Peace came, among those of his comrades who had commanded line-of-battle ships in general actions. He died in 1804, at the early age of forty-five, just when it might be supposed that further appointments would have placed him high in his profession. There were yet eleven years more before the war was over, and he could hardly have failed to obtain employment. All that we know of him in the latter years of his life is that he bought a small property at Hythe on Southampton Water, which his brother the Commissioner, having completed the purchase, inherited. This was his mode of investing his prize-money, his plan for providing a home for his sister and the two cousins.

We also know by tradition that he was an admirer of the French Revolution, and, it is said, even of Tom Payne's writings. Let us hope the latter tradition is untrue. Anyhow it was a curious retribution that he should be called into the foremost place among the brotherhood, all of whom were diametrically opposed to those opinions, in the struggle with the French Revolutionary forces. Not that such opinions ever made any difference in the patriotism and gallantry of naval officers. There was no more bitter 'Radical,' as we

should now say, than the gallant Lord Cochrane. These opinions were very much the accident of birth and early connections. Thomas Larcom went to sea before he could have been educated under the training of Mrs. Hill and her friends, could have known but a little of home-life, and fell probably under some early influences at sea which gave a twist to his opinions, but not to his straightforward energy and love of his profession. If we look for those influences in the times when he was most likely to be led by them, we shall find them in the Whig and Tory struggle which accompanied and followed the Keppel court-martial of 1779, and which divided the Navy into two parties. He was then twenty years old, and no doubt learnt to hate the Tories and everything connected with them. It was not easy to get straight again after having taken such a 'kink in his cable.'

He was probably a man of inventive talent, as it is said that he was the real proposer of the great improvement of round sterns to ships, for which Sir Robert Seppings has all the credit. This may be due to his dockyard parentage.

Finally, all traditions represent him and his brother as remarkably fine, tall, handsome men, no slight advantage in making a career, other things being equal, in either army or navy; and subsequent generations have always been taught to speak of him as a 'very fine fellow.'

COMMISSIONER JOSEPH LARCOM, R.N.

As Joseph Larcom was only three years old when his father, and eight when his mother, died, his education and character must necessarily have been almost entirely due to Mrs. Hill, under whose roof he and his young sister were received. But from his parents he had inherited the fine nature and handsome person which made him one of the most attractive men of his day; and he must have been singularly receptive of all good influences. Like his elder brother his memory suffers under the absence of printed historical materials for his early life, but on the other hand we have many more personal touches. Through him alone the Larcom blood has been transmitted to the family, and grateful recollections of him have survived the lapse of time.

Of his early life we know next to nothing. A tradition, supported by a seal with a diving-bell cut upon it, gives him the honour of being the officer who volunteered, out of a fleet at Spithead, to go down in this recently invented machine, to examine the wreck of a ship at that anchorage; presumably the *Royal George*, which sank with *Kempenfelt* in 1782. A very probable tradition also ran that he was made a Lieutenant for this service. In 1786 we are however on firm ground, for he is now, at the age of twenty-one, Lieutenant of H. M. sloop *Nautilus*, second in command, under Commander Thompson, of a very interesting expedition, nothing less than the first free settlement of negroes on the continent of Africa, the foundation of Sierra Leone. It was a highly responsible position for so young a man, and the Journal which he so carefully wrote, having been preserved, proves that he was

already an excellent seaman, a sagacious officer, and a humane philanthropist. To have attained such a position his early years at sea must have been well spent; but the only trace of them to be found in the Journal is the mention of the Egmont, in which ship he had shown some attention to a person whom he found again on the African coast, and who evinced his gratitude. This record is, however, suggestive of a deficient education; for the spelling is not of the best, and the style crude. Other defects may be attributable to the extreme youth of the writer, who exhibits, along with the vigour natural to youth, plenty of the self-reliance which his profession could not but impart to a young man of ability. As no appearance of any want of education was observable in his after life, we may be sure he took pains with himself, and learnt from books what he had no means of learning earlier.

The expedition consisted of some four hundred persons in three transports, of whom about three-fourths were freed American slaves, who had, as Larcom says, 'become a nuisance and burthen on England.' He does not tell us, what I believe was the case, that these were the slaves of Royalists, who, after the Peace of Versailles in 1783, had found it impossible to live with their fellow-citizens in the now 'United States,' and had taken refuge in England with their faithful, but now no longer useful, human property. The celebrated Granville Sharp was just about this period sounding the first notes of Slave-trade Abolition; to which the American War, and the ideas upon 'the rights of man' which were about to bear fruit in the French Revolution, gave a great impetus. Howard had but just closed his magnificent career as the reformer of prisons, and in 1788, the year after the Nautilus conveyed its black settlers to Africa, the idea of Abolition had taken such root that Wilberforce brought forward his first motion on the subject in Parliament. But the naval world was scarcely abreast with the progress of these novel ideas. The close intercourse into which they were continually thrown with the West Indies accustomed them to the old state of things, and the processes of the slave-trade were too familiar to excite

remark. In this very year 1786 there were no less than 130 ships employed in the trade, which carried off 42,000 slaves. The great Lord Rodney was one of the chief opponents of Abolition, for he declared his belief in the good treatment of the slaves in the West Indies, and in the gradual elevation of the race above their African condition which was going on. The Duke of Clarence and many much more important people took the same view, incomprehensible as it now sounds to our enlightened minds. It was, then, a mark of some independence of thought that Larcom could write as follows :—

‘If the slave-trade could possibly be abolished it would be better; but this I fear can never be the case, as the trade is so much connected with the other branches that the abolition of one would be the destruction of the other, unless it was to be abolished by the other nations of Europe, who would profit by our humanity, having factors in every river as well as ourselves; so that if we refuse to purchase their slaves it will be no great trouble to carry them to the French, who would gain considerably, for being the only people who would purchase slaves they might set their own prices on them, which being considerably less than at present, they could work their plantations cheaper, and consequently be able to undersell us in every market. In my opinion no person ought to advise the abolition of the slave-trade that cannot point out a method of working our plantations as cheap, or nearly so, without it; for it certainly would be a greater cruelty to send white men to do that which we all know must be attended with fatal consequences to those unhappy wretches who are either forced or persuaded to work in a vast Indian plantation.’

This, which is the best written part of the Journal, occurs immediately after his account of several cases of brutality on the part of merchant-captains to their own crews, and of the hideous processes by which slaves were obtained: but there is no allusion to the necessary consequence of the contact between these brutal captains and the poor human cattle on the sea-passage; and yet it was just at this time as bad or worse than ever, judging by the evidence the philanthropists brought before the British public. Let us not condemn him. Sixty

years later, after the great flood of light which had illumined the world since Larcom wrote, I do not think that I, his grandson, employed as a Lieutenant in putting down the slave-trade on the African coasts, and somewhat older as well as better educated than he was, thought so much of the sufferings of the slaves as of the mere duty-point-of-view in which the service presented itself, and of the distinction to be achieved by success in it. Sailors have to bear so much themselves that human suffering in some form or other seems a matter of course.

Granville Sharp's elaborate code of laws for his pet colony are not badly sketched in the Journal, and might form a basis for the regulation of the Christian communities which are beginning to spring up in Eastern Africa ; but as Larcom correctly says, 'like the Laws of England, they wanted *one* to put all the others in force.' The old Saxon system of Frank-pledge and Hundreds, Wardmotes, Juries, and County Courts is reproduced, under the idea that it would be suitable for a Christian colony beginning political life. For details Larcom refers to a volume entitled 'Temporary Regulations for the Settlement of Sierra Leone, till further shall be proposed.' But though the Government evidently gave every possible facility for the expedition, and though Captain Thompson seems to have been wise, brave, and patient, the narrative is a very melancholy one. The terrible storms which beset the four small heavy-laden ships in February, 1787, when at last, after most tedious delays, they got into the Channel, tried the mettle of the officers and crews to the utmost, for they were all but lost on the shores of Devon ; but the storms were scarcely worse impediments than the mutinous, ill-conditioned state of the settlers. The worst were got rid of just before sailing—one of them by a characteristic process :—

'Rose [a negro], being more violent than the rest, was ordered on board our ship to be confined, which frightened him so much that he threw himself into the sea with an intent, as he said, to drown himself ; but he was hardly in the water before one of our men jumped in, saying he would help to drown him, and ducked

him pretty soundly; and on the fellow's begging for mercy, he drew him back to the boat, and brought him on board. This had such an effect on the rest that they made no further opposition to the ships coming out, which they all did that evening, and anchored under our guns.'

But Larcom shows much compassion for the delusions of these poor people, venting his wrath upon a certain 'Gustavus Vasa,'—

'a deep, designing, canting Methodist, who seemed labouring to sow dissensions in the minds of the poor ignorant wretches, . . . the more dangerous, as he was a consummate hypocrite, . . . scarcely ever advancing anything which he did not support by some text of Scripture. . . . Certainly no mode of seduction has so great a prospect of success as that which has the appearance of religion for its support.'

The description of the drowning of a seaman who fell overboard is full of pathos, and not without power. He has a lively affection for his country:—'I never enjoy myself so much as when I can converse of home.' This is drawn from him by the contrast between England and the Island of Teneriffe, where the expedition stays some days for refreshment, and where he disparages the 'three forts in the bay, of no great strength,' the same however which baffled Nelson ten years later. His account of the island and its inhabitants, as also of the coast of Africa and the manners and customs of the people, shows considerable intelligence and power of observation.

The voyage is prosperous. There is scarcely a sick man on board; 'even the blacks, who were under no order or government, and of course were guilty of great intemperance, were tolerably healthy.' A very different record follows. A certain 'King Tom' gives them the land they require, after having been 'dashed' [presented] with rum and various other gifts. Many of these palavers are mentioned. Vast 'bullam-trees' rear their heads 150 feet high, and 70 feet in circumference: 'the country has the most beautiful appearance.' 'I have often seen on the orange and lime trees, the bud, blossom, young

and old fruit, all growing at the same time.' 'The highest hills are equally green with the valleys, but of different shades, which gives the whole a most romantic appearance.' In fact nought, as Heber afterwards said of Ceylon, but man was vile. In vain a promising site is selected, and the officers of all ranks, from Thompson downwards, set to work to clear the soil with their own hands; in vain Mr. Patrick Fraser, the clergyman appointed as Chaplain by Government, under a large shady tree 'performed divine service for the first time in Africa, and was attended by a numerous congregation, particularly of women,' preaching 'a plain simple sermon well calculated to promote that harmony so essentially necessary to the very existence of every Government, but more especially in this infant colony.' The rainy season set in before they had completed in their lazy way what might have been done long and long before.

'By this time the people being often, from necessity, obliged to work in the rain, together with their own intemperance, aided by the change of water and climate, . . . occasioned many to be taken ill of fevers and dysenteries. No less than twenty-eight have died since our arrival, and the sick at present amount to upwards of 150, and of the three surgeons sent to attend them, one is gone to the Isles de Los without leave [where he contracted fever of which he died], another is so ill that his life is despaired of, and the third is so unwell that it is not in his power to see half the sick, who are in a most dreadful situation, as those that are well will not attend on the others, or scarcely bury those that die, so that sick, dead, and dying lie indiscriminately together.'

The 'Engineer' and his wife and child died in one week. Forty of the 'poor white women,' out of seventy, died, and the rest could hardly walk.

At last the sickness abated, but as the blacks recovered they became mutinous again, and wanted to go home. Larcom had to be sent on shore to quell the disturbance, but they submitted without actual resistance, thanks to the firm front he showed. The Captain gave them up altogether.

'There were not above a dozen real industrious men. These

have given proof what the others might have done, they not only having built comfortable houses and cleared their lots of the wood, but having planted and sown a number of necessary things, such as plantains, ocree, rice, and a number of English vegetables. . . . The misfortune of the whole expedition has been that there was not a proper authority vested in any person's hands, but they were left entirely at their own discretion, which every person must know does not abound in uneducated, unenlightened men, particularly in those who were born and bred in slavery.'

At the end of August he reports that the departure of the transports had had an excellent effect :—

'Seeing all prospects of returning are at an end, they are applying themselves seriously to the cultivation of their lots.'

When the *Nautilus* left on September 16, the people were 'in better order than they ever were before. . . . If they are unanimous they may still do well; but if they once quarrel and separate, all is over.'

It being winter time, the Captain of the *Nautilus* resolved to go to Barbadoes rather than straight home :—

'It was the first Christian land we saw, and occasioned general joy.'

They arrived at Spithead on Jan. 23, having lost but one man and two boys in eleven months. He describes elsewhere the pains taken to prevent the crew from suffering under the effects of a pestilential climate, which does not however seem to have affected either his own health or the Captain's—no doubt in consequence, to no small degree, of their temperate habits. Such a responsibility at such an age formed a splendid training, and prepares us for the impression which he made in after-life on all who came in contact with him.

A glimpse of the future of Africa breaks upon his mind in one part of his narrative. When Mr. Fraser preached his plain sermon under the tree,

'a great number of the natives attended without [outside] the forms and seats, and behaved very orderly and quietly. They appeared much surprised at our form of worship, but did not at that time make any enquiry into the nature of our religion, but will, I

dare say, as soon as they are enough acquainted with our language to make themselves understood. It is intended by the community to educate as many of their [the native] children as they will send, and to instruct them in the principles of Christianity, for which purpose there are a vast number of plain, simple, easy books, containing the most necessary parts of Scripture, sent out by the Society [? Christian Knowledge] to be given to the natives as soon as they are able to understand them. This, if the Settlement succeeds, will be a means of converting a greater number of the natives from Paganism than all the missionaries sent by the Roman Catholics could ever have effected.'

In some respects this idea of the young officer has been prophetic. Sierra Leone did its work as a centre of freedom and trade before it became a missionary centre. Bodies of liberated slaves were planted there in succession, and much disappointment was felt in those days as to the smallness of the good that was done; but philanthropists are impatient. They did not measure the importance of the one grand result which most certainly was obtained, that of putting a stop to all slave-dealing within a large circuit around the colony. This service has since been acknowledged by all; and some sort of preparation for direct missions, which no English body of Christians had yet, in Larcom's time, undertaken in Africa, was made, as he expected, by means of the education of the natives, and by individual effort. Thus when the Church Missionary Society was established in 1800, Sierra Leone was the first sphere of its operations. In the course of half a century it became the seat of a bishopric; and though it has never surmounted its original defects of an unhealthy situation and the absence of water-communication with the interior, it has been the chief English colony planted in the midst of savage Africa from the date of its foundation by Thompson and Larcom, nearly a century ago, down to the present day.

We have no guidance for the next five years, but we know that on March 13, 1792, Joseph Larcom married at Gosport church, Ann, daughter of Mr. William Hollis,

of Gosport. At the same time Lieutenant George McKinley married Ann's sister, Harriot Hollis; and so began the brotherhood, though no doubt all three families were already well known to each other. As some notices of the Hollises and McKinleys will follow, all that needs to be said here is that this marriage turned out one of the very best and happiest ever heard of. Ann was older than her husband by more than four years,—he 27, she 31; yet so perfect was their affection and adaptation to one another, that down to the very end of her widowed life her daughters were never able to 'ask anything about their father, as it so overcame her to talk of him.'

The circumstances of the young couple must have been narrow at the time of their marriage, but by a piece of good fortune they were soon enabled to set up house in a very comfortable way. The house which was the head-quarters of the family in our day, and which is not at all a bad one, was bought with some prize-money which accrued from the capture of a galleon at the breaking out of the war in 1793—probably while the young husband was serving as First Lieutenant of the *Thunderer*, as that is where we find him in 1794. The sum is said to have amounted to between one and two thousand pounds, and the inventory of the ship's cargo is still preserved. It is as follows:—

‘680 cases of dollars, containing 3000 each.

33 cases of gold bars.

21 cases of jewels.

77 cwt. of red wood.

2666 cases of bark.

4887 cwt. of copper.

11239 pounds of fine wool.

5220 cwt. of pewter.

166 cwt. of fine sugar.

2247 pounds of medicinal roots.

388 pounds of the extract of bark.

75 cases of conchaneal [cochineal].

150 pounds of the balsam of pine.

250 hides.

119 sea-wolf skins.
 8 hides of shoe-leather.
 3 barrels of wine.
 3 barrels of honey.
 11 cases of the product of Peru.'

The very sound of some of these items has a ring of the old world—almost of Robinson Crusoe: but surely our grandfather and his shipmates must have been not a little cheated if a Lieutenant's share amounted to so small a sum as that above mentioned.

It is clear that the young officer was not allowed to enjoy his new married life for more than a very brief period; and we now follow him to the fleet of Lord Howe, where he shared the fortunes of his brother and brother-in-law. With the latter he had no doubt entire sympathy, in relation to the objects of the war, but with his brother only on the idea of duty. He had fully accepted, probably from causes already indicated, the prevailing English sentiments on politics and religion, and marriage had no doubt strengthened them. Tradition reports the amicable discussions between the brothers, and how our grandfather used to end them by saying:—'Well, Tom, I will listen to your theories when I can find out what you will put in the place of the Christian religion and the British Constitution.' Unlike however both his brother and brother-in-law, Joseph Larcom was unfortunate in being First Lieutenant of a ship which did not distinguish herself in the battle of the First of June, or in the preceding skirmishes of May 28 or 29. Captain (afterwards Sir) Albemarle Bertie was one of those who obtained no medal for the action, and the Thunderer is severely reflected on in James's Naval History. On the other hand, as Lord Howe makes no special mention of Captain Bertie's delinquencies (as he did of Captain Molloy's in the *Cæsar*), the fault may have been at least partly accidental, partly from the bad sailing of the ship; for this defect has undoubtedly been the cause of the failure in battle of many

good officers. Whatever may be the truth on this point, it is impossible that any officer should receive higher testimony to his merits than the following letter, preserved in the family:—

‘Thunderer.

‘DEAR LORD CHATHAM,—God bless you and yours. Be a friend to my wife and mine if I fall, and take care of Joe Larcom. He will do credit to you.

‘Your affecte,

‘A. BERTIE.

‘Near the French fleet, 3 o’clock.’

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Lord Chatham, son of the great Minister, was First Lord of the Admiralty. The letter was probably written on May 28, when, about 3 P.M., the *Thunderer* was one of the ships ordered to engage the enemy, who had been sighted on that morning for the first time; but neither then, nor afterwards, did she approach near enough to lose any spars, or suffer any loss in killed or wounded. That no reflection could be made on the First Lieutenant, whatever may be thought of the Captain, is proved by the fact of his promotion after the battle, along with the rest of the officers of the same rank, including however, it must be said, the First Lieutenant of the *Cæsar*. The rule was, not to make these officers responsible in any way for the errors of their superiors. Bertie’s letter demonstrates that there was not likely to be any fault in the inferior. But it was hard upon Hollis, whose ship was knocked to pieces and himself wounded, that he was not promoted. It was the simple accident of the Larcoms being First Lieutenants, while he was only Third Lieutenant of the *Queen*.

Our grandfather was thus for the moment placed on a level with his elder brother, though six years his junior, but no special distinction awaited him, and we hear nothing of his service as Commander. In 1798 he seems to be already a Post Captain, in command of the *Hind*. That was the second year of the terrible Mutinies, which were more dangerous than all the efforts of the enemy. Lord

Howe's vast and deserved popularity was called into requisition for the last time; but he was very old, and had no policy but that of concession. Had it not been for the firmness and courage of Lord St. Vincent, the Navy would have been ruined. The account of Joseph Larcom's contact with this disease is copied from a letter written by Mrs. Ellis, who, as Miss Shorman, had been governess in the Commissioner's family at Malta. It was written in 1866, in her old age, to Sir Thomas Larcom, apparently in answer to an enquiry for her recollections of his father. Its quaint style has a savour of antiquity:—

‘In 1798 was the Mutiny at the Nore. Many of the mutineers were sent to various ships destined for foreign service. At that time our gentleman was appointed to H.M.S. *Hind*, in which were several of the disaffected. They had not long sailed from England before it was discovered that mutiny was in the vessel. The Captain, having notice thereof, ordered the gig to be lowered, placed the ringleader as coxswain, and within an hour returned to the ship in safety. A short time after, the malcontents approached the quarter-deck, and on their knees confessed the crime they had meditated. They probably received firm but judicious admonition: at any rate they returned to their respective duties, which were performed in an unimpeachable manner; and great regret was expressed when circumstances directed a distribution of the ship's company.’

Another version of this story had come down to us through our aunts, who were children when Miss Shorman was a responsible governess, and is probably a legendary form of the story, based on the facts which the latter has here reported, though she leaves untold what happened in the gig. The legend is that, on hearing of the intended mutiny, the Captain mustered his crew and singled out the ringleader, seized him there and then, and held him over the gangway, threatening to drop him into the sea if he did not beg for mercy, which he did. On this the crew, seized with awe and admiration, promised obedience and kept their word. The legend found its justification in the size and strength of

which Joseph Larcom was possessed; but as the story ran that the culprit was the strongest man in the ship, it is not easy to see how the trial of strength could have come off without an unseemly struggle, very unlike what can be conceived on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. That this man became the Captain's coxswain, with whom the children were familiar in after years, and concerning whom the story was often told, only goes to support the basis of Mrs. Ellis's account, the conversion of the man by some process which might, without any strain upon our credulity, have taken place in the manner she describes. It was an original and likely method of proceeding. The crew as yet unprepared to rise, the marines drawn up on deck with loaded arms, the ringleader suddenly singled out, the novel idea of carrying him off for a quiet row in the trusted place of coxswain, would all have a startling and sobering effect, when done in good style by a Captain who already commanded respect. The finer nature of the man, unexpectedly separated from the rest, may have been easily reached by a few sensible words; and he was the natural agent in bringing the whole of his comrades to reason on his return.

As we find Larcom in the *Hind* as late as 1802, it must have been a Commission of four years. If he was all that time in the Mediterranean, where he certainly was at the latter date, it would be interesting to trace his connection with Keith, Nelson, and other admirals who commanded during that period. But nothing has survived, except a tradition that the *Hind* was one of the cruisers vainly looking out for Napoleon on his flight from Egypt in 1799, and his own notice of the share he took in preparing for embarkation at Alexandria the celebrated Obelisk, which has only within the last few years been transported to the Thames Embankment by the patriotic liberality of Sir Erasmus Wilson. This notice appeared in Sir William Wilde's pamphlet, written in 1839, to advocate the removal of the Obelisk to England as a memorial to Lord Nelson. The writer procured the letters from our uncle Joseph Larcom, through his

Dublin friend, Thomas Larcom, who in 1877, when the obelisk was about to be brought to England, reprinted the pamphlet, through my instrumentality, at the Oxford University Press. Curiously enough, the two relatives were both concerned in the transaction. Larcom was commanding officer at Alexandria, and performed all the very delicate and difficult operations he so briefly describes. Hollis, in command of another frigate, the *Thames*, was sent post haste to put a stop to the whole affair, much to his own disgust. The reason was that however desirable the removal of the obelisk might be, it was held imperative that the brittle Peace of Amiens should not be gratuitously broken, and such a memorial of the reverses of the French would certainly have been seized as a pretext. Both Larcom's and Hollis's letters may be reprinted in this place, as they tell their own story, and are not likely to be available for the family in any other way.

Extract from a pamphlet by Sir W. R. Wilde, reprinted with a Preface by Major-Gen. Sir T. A. Larcom, Bart., K.C.B. 1877.

‘The cause of the obelisk not having been brought home after the Egyptian campaign, may be seen by the following extracts, with which I have been favoured by Captain Larcom, R.N., from papers of his father, who then commanded H.M.S. *Hind*, and the present Admiral Hollis, then commanding H.M.S. *Thames*.

“H.M.S. *Hind*, Egypt, 1802.

“The French had partially cleared away the rubbish from around the prostrate obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle, and it was determined to attempt the transport of this obelisk to England, as a lasting memorial of the triumphs of the British army in Egypt. Subscriptions were entered into by the officers of the army, and the naval squadron then at Alexandria, for this purpose. On the part of the army, the obelisk was completely cleared from the surrounding ruins, a road commenced to the port, and a pier in progress to the deeper water, and all preparations in forwardness for embarkation, while the navy had weighed the hull of a small Venetian

frigate, the *Leoben*, that had been sunk by the French during the siege, in the old harbour, caulked and rendered her sea-worthy for the voyage.

“The weight had been estimated, and the position it ought to occupy in the hold of the vessel; it being intended that when firmly placed at the proper height from the keel, and there secured by shores, &c., that the vacant spaces should be filled up with bags of cotton, and to those who had seen the stowage of vessels in the cotton trade, not a doubt remained of the feasibility of the plan proposed to be adopted; but at this stage of the proceedings, in March, 1802, an order had arrived from General Fox, the commander of the forces in the Mediterranean, and Lord Keith, the naval commander-in-chief on the station, forbidding the removal of the obelisk, on the plea that it would give offence to the Turkish government; thus was lost to England the honour of having erected in her capital a *trophy peculiarly appropriate to the conquerors at the Nile and at Alexandria.*”

“H.M.S. *Thames*, Egypt, 1802.

“It was the intention of the heads of the army and navy who were left in Egypt, after the peace had taken place with France in 1801, to have taken the fallen obelisk to England, as a trophy of the very gallant achievements of those brave men who were employed in the reduction of Egypt, and for which purpose a subscription was raised, and one of the French frigates which had been sunk during the siege of Alexandria, was got up, and fitted to embark it on board; but most unfortunately, from some secret and unaccountable cause, the scheme met the positive disapprobation of the two commanders-in-chief of the army and navy who were at Malta, and the two commanding officers at Alexandria were ordered to desist in their plan of sending the obelisk to England. I carried the orders to Egypt. The only public reason given for it was a supposition that it might give offence to the Turks, but this was not the case, as it had been previously guarded against, by a formal permission being asked, which was most readily granted by the Aga who commanded in Egypt, he observing at the same time that the Turks cared not if we took every stone in the country; but he very sarcastically asked us if we had no stone-quarries in England, that we were taking so much trouble to carry such a useless mass there as the obelisk appeared to him to be. This order to discontinue

our scheme was a great disappointment to everyone, as it had become quite an amusement, and both the sailors and soldiers were volunteers for the work.

“As we had then nothing to do, it was proposed to raise the base of the fallen obelisk, which was an immense square mass of granite; and it was accordingly done, so as to introduce under it a flat marble slab of about five feet square with an inscription on it in French, Italian, Latin, and English—describing the battle of Aboukir—the landing of the French in Egypt under Buonaparte—the subsequent reduction of Egypt by the British army, under their gallant chief Abercrombie—the lamented death of that brave general, and the restoring of the country again to the Turks;—all of which was very carefully executed; an excavation was then made in the mass of granite under the base, sufficiently large to contain the slab without injury, and after throwing in some coins of our good old Sovereign, the base was lowered carefully down on it, where, from its very great weight, it will in all probability remain unmoved for as many ages to come, as these monuments of antiquity are supposed to have already existed; and if these four languages are then in existence, what a tale will the removing of it again unfold! The fallen obelisk was also turned over, but nothing of value or consequence was found under it.”

It need only be added that the site contemplated in 1839 for the erection of the obelisk was the centre of the upper square of Greenwich Hospital, now the R. N. College, facing the Thames,—a noble situation. The Trafalgar Square column had not then been erected. The marble slab referred to by Hollis had been carried off by the time of the recent removal of the pillar.

At some time between the service in the *Thunderer* and in the *Hind*, if the latter ship was not herself at Bermuda during her commission, an anecdote in Mrs. Ellis's letter connects her hero with that island and with the Duke of Kent:—

‘The Duke of Kent was at Bermuda at the same time in which our gentleman had joined the squadron there, and was invited to dine with His Royal Highness; but having been previously engaged by the Admiral, he declined the invitation. This proceeding drew upon him censure from the army officers, who ventured to pro-

nounce exclusion from any further notice by the Duke. But during the day, when they happened to meet, His Royal Highness placed his own arm within that of the gallant true-blue, to the astonishment of beholders; and on other occasions he was a welcome guest at the Duke's table.'

As this good lady tells in the same letter another anecdote which connects Joseph Larcom with Royalty, it may as well come here, though it is hopeless to assign a date to it. This time it is the King himself, old George the Third:—

'Every memorial can but bear additional testimony to principles of the highest order, which were appreciated by all classes with whom he came in contact, from his king to the lowest subordinate. I subjoin an anecdote. One day riding in Windsor Park with George the Third, Captain Larcom's horse made an extraordinary curvet, at which His Majesty laughed heartily, adding,—“Ah, Larcom, you could not do that again!” Our gentleman was not a first-rate equestrian.

'On another Royal meeting Captain Larcom happened to ask the punctilious monarch a question. Surprised at receiving no reply, he looked at his Royal companion who had assumed a very grave aspect. Immediately remembering the breach in etiquette, the observation was placed under a different verbal arrangement; the enquirer's mind was satisfied, His Majesty's dignity untarnished, and the visit came to an end.'

How this acquaintance with the King sprang up there is nothing to show, unless indeed the following circumstance related in the family legends, which looks like another version of the Governess's story, brought them together in the first place. The legend places the scene at Hythe, on the borders of the New Forest, where we shall see that our grandfather settled in 1804, and where it is said he was hunting with the old King. This is likely enough, as he was intimate with the neighbouring squires; and so is the sequel, which relates how, in a lane, his horse, quite beyond his control, carried him to the immediate front of the King, whom he splashed with mud from top to toe. Distressed beyond measure at the accident, he made a thousand apologies, which put His Majesty into such good humour that he

asked the offender to dinner. During the meal the King archly referred to the superior powers of the unlucky horse over his master, to which Larcom promptly replied that there was only one horse he had been taught to ride thoroughly, and that was the 'Flemish horse.' This greatly amused the King when he discovered, on enquiry, that it was the name of the outer foot-rope on a ship's yard.

There must be some foundation for these stories, treasured up in loving hearts. The old King, like Queen Bess, loved a 'proper man.'

That the Hind was not continuously in the Mediterranean during her Commission is shown by the birth of the Commissioner's third child, Thomas, in April, 1801; for their mother did not leave Gosport in those days. The two eldest children, my mother, and my uncle Joseph, had been born in 1794 and 1795 respectively, and on paying off the Hind in 1802 their father must have almost begun their acquaintance.

Perhaps it was in her that he took out to Halifax the Governor of the Colony, at which time he must have made the acquaintance of a young lady who became the wife of Bishop Inglis of Nova Scotia; for when Sir Thomas Larcom was visiting a friend at Ryde, some ten years ago, say 1872, this lady, hearing of his arrival, begged to see him, for she had never forgotten the Captain Larcom of those distant days, and hoped the bearer of the same name might turn out to be some relation. She was still in full possession of her faculties, and was overjoyed to observe, as she said, the very features of her old friend in his son.

Joseph Larcom would naturally enjoy a short respite during the Peace of Amiens; and perhaps this was all that he contemplated, but I cannot find out that he was ever afterwards employed in any but the home and civil services, in which a large proportion of naval officers, generally after marriage, have ended their career. He was only thirty-seven years old; and one would think that so able a man ought not to have been allowed to retire from the active service to which the Navy was again called in 1803. But it was probably far

from easy to obtain a command suitable for a Captain who had already been a Commodore, and others had no doubt much higher claims from previous war services. Even Captain Thomas Larcom was not called out at the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, at which time he was making arrangements to purchase the property at Hythe with his prize-money, and as he died in 1804, that property passed, as I have said, into the hands of his brother. To that place Joseph Larcom retired with his family.

The years our grandfather spent at Hythe seem to have been the happiest of his life. He began the cultivation of his farm with the energy of a Cincinnatus, and soon identified himself with the gentry of the neighbourhood. It was a natural delight to a domestic man who had been tossed about at sea all his life, and who could not expect immediate employment. He would restore the old days of Whippingham. Sir Thomas Larcom speaks of this period as follows:—

‘I was born on the 22nd of April, 1801, at Gosport, where my mother remained while my father was at sea, but my earliest recollections are connected with the woodland scenery of the New Forest, my father having removed in 1804 to live on a small property near Hythe, in the parish of Dibden [part of it was in Fawley parish, in which the house was also situated], which he had inherited from his brother, my uncle Tom, who died in that year. . . . I believe my father greatly enjoyed the years we spent in the New Forest. He had been known to Lord Cavan, who then lived at Eaglehurst, hard by, when his Lordship commanded the army in Egypt, and my father had his broad pendant in the Hind. Mr. Drummond of Cadlands, Mr. Tate of Langdown, and Sir John Keane, who lived in the parsonage of Dibden while he was building his fine place, Marchwood, are names which I associate with those days, and many others, Thackwaites, Logans, Irwins, the De Crespignys, and Colonel, afterwards Lord, Vivian. . . . William Stewart Rose, Sir Walter Scott’s friend, was also an occasional visitor at our house.’

Our aunt, Harriet Larcom, who, in her 78th year, is now

the sole repository of the family traditions of her father, writes of this time as follows :—

‘My father prided himself on not having burnt his fingers at Hythe, where he tried to turn himself into a farmer, never expecting to be employed again. Perhaps he accomplished while he was at Hythe what was of higher value than his bucolic successes. He found, when he settled there, that half-a-dozen families in the neighbourhood were on bad terms with one another, and he set himself to make them friends, and entirely succeeded. It was out of his residence at Hythe that his appointment to the Dockyard at Malta came. At Mr. Drummond’s, at Cadlands, where he was dining, he met Mr. Yorke, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Yorke caught at his name, as having heard of it in connection with a narrow escape from drowning which had happened to his brother, Sir Joseph Yorke, and asked him if that individual was a relation of his, and to his astonishment found that his new acquaintance was himself the man. Mr. Yorke very shortly afterwards offered him the appointment at Malta.’

We have no further clue to the narrow escape from drowning, but, curiously enough, this very Sir Joseph Yorke was actually drowned, when I was a boy, some years later, in Southampton Water, along with Captain Bradby, by the upsetting of a boat. The interesting incident here related must have occurred on the occasion of some later temporary residence at Hythe; for Sir Thomas Larcom thus continues the notice given a little above :—

‘After a few years my father was employed in a command at Yarmouth in Norfolk, under Admiral Douglas [in the “Sea-Fencibles,” a new system of coast-guard organisation], and we all moved there for a time. . . . Afterwards my father was removed as Comptroller of Payments to Portsmouth, living again in the old house at Gosport till 1810, when he became Naval Commissioner at Malta.’

It is quite possible that he may have owed the first of these appointments to Mr. Yorke, or at any rate the second, and that his capacity for the Naval Civil Service which com-

mended itself to the able mind of Mr. Yorke, when he first casually met him at Cadlands, may have led to his being moved on to what was exactly the situation for which all his previous life had prepared him. It was not till 1811 that he actually went to Malta with his family, and we are now on ground with which we are more familiar.

Ever since Malta had fallen into British hands in 1800, its importance as the centre of the Mediterranean fleets had become more and more conspicuous. The successful operations of Sir Sidney Smith, Nelson, and Abercromby in 1798-1801, which had resulted in the complete overthrow of all Napoleon's designs on Egypt, and the close alliance which had now sprung up between Turkey and Great Britain, in connection with Egypt and in relation to India, had forced the possession of Malta into the first place on the question of peace or war which broke up the Peace of Amiens in 1803. Napoleon's conduct during the short fourteen months of peace had made it impossible for England to fulfil her own obligations, and give up the island to those who could not but hand it over at once to France. It was too evident a trick; and the nation, though longing for peace, preferred war. After its recommencement Malta became a grand dépôt for the army and navy, 'a little military hothouse,' as Byron called it, in his 'Adieu to Malta,' written in 1811. The fortifications were repaired and improved, the palaces of the old knights turned into Government houses, the Dockyard enlarged and fitted for modern requirements, and the natives brought under effective government. The task could only be entrusted to the best officers, and was in its early stage committed to Nelson's Captain, Sir Alexander Ball, the friend and patron of Coleridge. Our grandfather's immediate predecessor was a well-known officer, Commissioner Fraser, the husband of the lady who led Maltese society in Byron's time:—

'And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her,
But she must be content to shine
In better praises than in mine;

With lively air and open heart,
 And fashion's ease without its art;
 Her hours can gaily glide along
 Nor ask the aid of idle song.—*May 26, 1811.*

The Governor of the island was Sir Hildebrand Oakes. Both he and his successor, the famous 'King Tom,' Sir Thomas Maitland, found in the new Commissioner a kindred spirit, at least in zeal for the public service and integrity of character. Under the first of these officers the new constitutional system of administration recommended by the Royal Commissioners sent out in 1812 for the purpose of reporting on the best method of introducing English institutions among the islanders, commenced its operations. The people had begun to be troublesome, and it had become evident that the root of the difficulty lay in the abuses which had destroyed the usefulness of the old social and legal system, while the rough English methods of military law, under a Governor who was before all things a soldier, had made matters worse. Thus there was much discontent and occasional riots. To these Byron alludes in the above poem:—

'Adieu, ye merchants often failing!
 Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!'

The above-mentioned Commissioners were the Hon. Mr. A'Court, afterwards Lord Heytesbury, and John Burrows, our uncle; so that our family had thus a double interest in the island. The interest we must always feel in Malta did not however connect itself so much with our uncle as with his younger brother, our father, who was Colonel of the 14th Regiment (or rather of its 2nd Battalion), already stationed at Valetta when the Larcoms arrived. It was the arrival of the Larcoms which brought about his happy marriage to their eldest daughter, Mary Anne, our mother. Of this connection and the famous Plague of Malta I have already written something in the 'History of the Burrows Family' (1877). Here I must confine myself to such slight notices as I can gather of the family life at Malta.

Late in 1811 the new Commissioner embarked on board a 'store ship' for his destination, and our aunts, who were then children of seven and five, never forgot the voyage, or the drolleries of Mr. W. Stewart Rose, already mentioned as a friend of the family, and now accompanying them, along with a very quaint old servant, in search of health. His wit and fun were the life of the party, and his chief delight was to teach the Commissioner's eldest daughter, then seventeen, Italian. The following verses were his farewell gift to her. They were headed:—

'A Poetic Journal of a Voyage from England to Malta in the Malabar. By M—A—L—m.'

'Valetta, *January*, 1812.

'On Thursday night we left the Needles,
I had as soon be whipt by beadles
As once again to undergo
The "heave" and "ho" and run below
My wretched stomach underwent
Before the evil found a vent.
'Twas nothing to the Bay of Biscay,
And though I now am gay and frisky,
I never think upon that ocean
Without some corresponding motion.
Off Finisterre we smoothed our water,
And rallied all, Mama and daughter;
Miss Shorman's face, by strange contortion
Lengthened beyond its fair proportion,
To th' utmost limit of extension,
Resumed its natural dimension.

Heaven had a favourable wind sent
Until abreast of Cape St. Vincent,
We tacked in shore and then to seaward,
And on each tack still went to leeward;
Some ships against all order on went,
We stayed behind to see the Convent;
Clothed in sackcloth and in cinders,
The monks were looking out of windows;

Some wished with cannon shot to pelt them,
The wind was foul, or we had smelt them.

I've passed much evil and discomfort,
(Oh, for one hour of good Count Rumford !)
On stews which made our stomachs queasy,
Raw meat, dish water, thin and greasy,
Starved ducks and fowls, whose feathers bristle,
Whose carcasses are skin and gristle;
We dine—our stomachs ne'er the wider,
And curse our barbarous provider.
Sunday,—read prayers, the sacred function
Performed by Mooncalf, with much unction;
All things were ordered as most fit is,
Except the steersman's "Nunc dimittis;"
The last grace said, and all departed,
Him for his sins the parson started¹.

After two days it so fell out,
The wind we looked for came about,
And scarcely tack or sheet we alter
Till—heaven be praised, we see Gibraltar,
See sailors on black strap² carousing,
Spanish lads and lasses lousing,
(This is their Spanish way of wooing),
Fat monks in their own gravy stewing,
Veiled Spanish dames with broidered garter,
With Jew and Gentile, Turk and Tartar;
Each in this single point agrees,
They swarm with lice, and bugs, and fleas;
They've built the Devil a tower, and well
Old Scratch upon this Rock may dwell.

We sail, the selfsame fortune share
Good winds, smooth water, and bad fare.
Again we overshoot our port,
At length we hail St. Elmo's fort,

¹ To 'start' a man is to give him the 'rope's end.' Perhaps the 'parson' is here supposed to have given the steersman a lecture, equivalent to 'starting' him, for his intrusive ejaculation.

² 'Black strap' is the country wine.

Land, and in close calisses rumble
 To an English tavern, neat but humble,
 See Maltese monks in long procession,
 And naughty ladies at confession,
 Fat canons pattering out their Psalter,
 And tapestries, and lighted altar,
 And find;—this rock outstinks Gibraltar.'

The work of the Commissioner, done in his usual thorough way, appears to have been exceedingly arduous. He was a strong man when he went out; it killed him in a little more than six years. It should be mentioned that he had deliberately thrown himself into this branch of the Service, then distinct from the ordinary line, and had, as it was called, 'passed his Flag' in order to keep in it. He took Malta indeed under a promise that he should be transferred to Gibraltar at the end of three years; but when that time came he was told that he could not be spared from his post, that matters in several Government departments required to be looked into, and that a man of tried courage and integrity was wanted for this purpose. In 1816 he was allowed to come home; and he then claimed another promise which had been made him, that he should have an office at Somerset House—I suppose the Control of the Navy Board; but this also was not to be, and he had to return once more to Malta, well aware that the end was at hand. He had had frequent attacks of gout, and soon after his return was smitten with paralysis, the direct result of over-work. The family, early in 1818, embarked with him for England, but he died just as they reached Gibraltar, on February 17th, 1818. There he was buried. There I visited his tomb in 1841. Sir Thomas Larcom of late years had it repaired.

The Larcoms had an old knight's palace in Strada Forni for their town-residence; this when I visited Malta in 1840 was Morell's hotel. They had also a country house, which is thus described by Harriet Larcom:—

'We had a little house in the country at a place called Tarchiel, to which we used to go, out of the heat of Valetta; and there

was a little land about it. The village was looked after agriculturally—if such a word could be used at all about Malta—by a superior sort of farmer, and my father was desirous of teaching him that there was a better way of cultivating the land than by hoeing, so he had a plough sent out from England; and I well remember the first experiment with this plough in one of our fields, the astonished natives looking on, and the farmer bursting out into admiration. I think from that time the plough was borrowed by the farmer, but I do not think such a method of cultivation obtained generally in the village. Sir Thomas Maitland was also greatly interested in farming operations, and practised them at St. Antonio, stocking his farm with cattle, pigs, &c.’

Again she says :—

‘I was not much more than ten years old when I last saw my father; but I have a most vivid recollection of him, and grew up with the belief that he was the impersonation of love, kindness, and generosity. I believed that he could do *anything*, and that nothing could hurt one where he was. I felt that there was nothing one could ask him which he would not do. Pets to no end he gave us, to encourage our love of animals—antelopes, doves, fancy pigeons, a peacock, a lamb, and a cage full of canaries. For the most part he wished us to feed these creatures ourselves, because, among other reasons, he wished us to be considerate of the servants. I quite remember my feeling of confidence when I was with him. I think I could not have been more than six years old when he taught me to ride, himself riding a very large and fine iron-grey horse called “Columbus,” which the Maltese called “Columpush.” I fancy he was a man people would not readily forget,—his whole bearing was so remarkable, so frank and good-humoured, and he was also personally attractive. He largely promoted all our amusements, and I never remember making him angry but twice, on both which occasions I had been very naughty. He was so distressed on the last occasion at having to punish me that a fit of the gout followed. His patience under the gout, young as I was, I was quite conscious of. I used to be struck with his looking so ill, and so unlike his ordinary look of bright cheerfulness. But I remember my dear father under no aspect more distinctly than when he used

to read the Service on Sunday mornings in the midst of us during those terrible months of the plague. From his character I learned to realise what must be the character of my Heavenly Father. If my earthly father was what *he* was, what must not He be who condescends to call us His children ?

These are not the mere loving prejudices of childhood. From many sources the same fine character receives illustration. Perhaps the late Sir Francis Beaufort, Hydrographer to the Admiralty, was as good a judge as could be found. In the course of his reply to a letter of congratulation he had received from our uncle, Sir Thomas Larcom, he writes thus :—

‘ *May 17, 1848.*

‘I must content myself with merely thanking you for your singularly gratifying congratulations, gratifying not only as coming from yourself, but because I associate with everything that you, or my old friend, your brother, do, the memory of your excellent father, to whose example in early life and his friendship afterwards I owed so much, and to whom I find my mind constantly recurring whenever, in conning over past times, I endeavour to feast my recollection on the really distinguished men with whom I have been fortunately acquainted.’

Few could have known him more intimately; for besides the earlier intercourse in the Service to which some words in this letter point, Beaufort was taken into the Commissioner’s house at Malta, and nursed for many months on his return from Caramania, where he had been ferociously attacked by some fanatical Turks, and had received no less than forty wounds. He was captain of the *Fredericksteen* on the survey of that coast, and his book on Caramania was a remarkable production. While living thus with our family he tried to repay the care taken of him by applying himself to the education of our mother in mathematics and other studies. This is the second remarkable man with whom she was thus in contact during her girlhood. I may conclude this notice of Sir Francis by my own recollection of him, when in 1837, on my return from my first voyage, my father

took me to see him, and when he offered to be my patron if I would embrace the surveying line; but this I declined. He was a highly intellectual-looking man, with a dry but kindly manner; small, and very like the picture of him in the group of Arctic explorers in our aunt Harriet's possession.

I can find no other record of our grandfather. Our aunt Harriet has a very characteristic miniature of him in uniform.

The Hythe property was sold after the Commissioner's death for £2000. There were great differences of opinion in the family as to that step. It was thought likely to be too expensive a property to be retained without the leading mind which had found delightful occupation in working the farm; and it was thought right to settle down at Gosport again near the male head of the family, Captain Hollis, who indeed, the year after the Commissioner's death, lost his faithful sister and friend, Mary Hollis, so that he was thankful to receive domestic assistance from his widowed sister, Anne Larcom. Our own father and mother, on the other hand, wished the family to settle at Hythe, as a better sort of residence than Gosport. However the latter place carried the day; and there our grandmother lived till 1843, respected and beloved by all,—along with her two daughters Elizabeth and Harriet Larcom, who were the centre of all the good work done amongst the poor in a place which much needed it. When her eldest son, Captain Joseph Larcom, came home from sea he joined the trio. Soon after her death, upon the marriage of this brother to Westmoreland, youngest daughter of their uncle McKinley, and their taking possession of the old Gosport house, the two sisters moved out to Anglesey, in Stokes Bay, where the various members of the family had been gradually collecting,—the McKinleys in 1830, the Burrowses in 1841, and now the Larcom sisters in 1844.

It may be interesting to future members of the family to know that the old Gosport house, so often mentioned, has of late years become the Vicarage of St. Matthew's, Gosport. A

little before Bishop Wilberforce came to the see of Winchester, arrangements were made with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and with the Trustees of the Sumner fund, by which this result was attained ; our Aunt Harriet and ‘Aunt West’ contributing handsomely from their own resources. It is the corner house on the north-west side of Clarence Square. As long as the ancient structure holds together, no member of the family ought to pass it by without a moment’s reflection upon the history with which it has been connected.

Of the two sons of the Commissioner, Joseph and Thomas, a short account will be found at the end of this memoir. Elizabeth Larcom died in 1866. She inherited her full share not only of the amiable qualities of her race, but of their excellent common sense and business-like capacity. Harriet Larcom alone of her generation survives. She has kindly encouraged me to write this memoir, and supplied all that was in her power. Of her, as I have said in my ‘History of the Burrows Family,’ it would be presumptuous to speak. She has been the elder sister of her nephews as much as their aunt, and to praise her would be like praising ourselves. It is pleasant to think that there is little fear of the extinction of the family, represented as it is on the male line of descent by Sir Charles Larcom, Arthur Larcom, and Fanny Griffiths ; and on the female by ourselves. This sketch will at least show that it is a responsible inheritance into which we have come.

ADMIRAL AISKEW PAFFARD HOLLIS.

ADMIRAL AISKEW PAFFARD HOLLIS.

ADMIRALS Hollis and M^cKinley come before us in a different way from the two Larcoms. We of our generation well remember them both; for they lived to advanced age, and we have the published record of their services in Marshall's Naval Biography. Harriot M^cKinley also, who has only recently died, at the age of eighty-two, was the depository of the family history of her kin, and in the year before her death, while she was still in perfect possession of her faculties, I was fortunate enough to obtain from her the letter with which I shall begin this notice; merely stating, by way of preface, in order to show that I am not acting presumptuously, that in a previous letter, dated May 30, 1879, she remarked that—

‘it is pleasing to the family that you propose to undertake the task of making the younger generations acquainted with the lives of their nautical ancestors.’

I may, however, first point out one circumstance which distinguishes Admiral Hollis from the rest of the brotherhood. He was the rich man of the party; he inherited a farm at Privett in the parish of Alverstoke, which fetched in modern times a good price from the Ordnance Department for the erection of the Brown-Down and Gomer forts; he made a good deal of prize-money during a long career of service; and he married, as an elderly man, a rich wife, Miss Crabb. He had no children. We remember him at a handsome house at Highfield, three miles from Southampton, now pulled down, living in very good style, and kindly noticing us

children when our father took us out on a visit. He was a very little, but well-made man, with a good-looking, cheerful face, fair complexion, and a merry eye, exactly like the picture of him now in possession of our 'Aunt West.' His sisters were also very small, and they inherited their stature from the father, old Mr. Hollis, the Gosport Solicitor, of whom Harriot McKinley here gives some account. I had begged her to tell me all she knew of her grandfather and grandmother, and of their descent :—

‘ Anglesey, Gosport, *Oct. 2, 1879.*

‘ DEAR MONTAGU,

‘ The only account I possess of the Hollis family is from a small 4to. black-letter Bible of 1634, in which is a family register, beginning with John Hollis of Newport [Isle of Wight], born April 12, 1659. He had three sons and two daughters. His son William, born in 1693, was the only one who had any son. This was noted by his son, our grandfather, William Hollis, who was born Jan. 20, 1725, and married Hannah Paffard. He must have been of good position, by his being able to give grandpapa Hollis such a liberal education, with such cultivated tastes in music, painting, &c. Our grandfather had a good farm at Privett, which was handed down for two generations till sold to the Government for the fortifications, by compulsory sale. In this farm he had reserved a large piece of ground for a garden and buildings. One room was tastefully fitted up to receive his friends in those hospitable days, and in our time used for family parties, early dinners, tea, and syllabub. He was a great friend, both professionally and personally, of *old* Mrs. Player, the Lady of the Manor at Ryde, grandmother of the present Miss Player, and under their family Ryde has grown up to what it now is. The intimacy of the families was long kept up, till Mr. Player left Bury to live at Ryde. He was cheerful in society—as an instance of which, when at a party at Sir Samuel Marshall’s at Bury House, and weather interfered with their amusements, he took a chaise and drove into Gosport for a fiddler, and received a warm greeting from the young ladies on his return.’

To these little traditions I may add the following from my aunt, Harriet Larcom :—

‘I have heard my mother say that her father was the only lawyer in Gosport, and that the magistrates’ meetings at their house (at the top of the High Street) were of a very social character. He was proverbially good-tempered and genial; and used to say when people came to him about trumpery quarrels, ‘Pooh, Pooh—make it up again,’—instead of making it a job, as is the present custom oftentimes. I suppose he was a bit of a beau; for he would always wear lace ruffles in spite of his wife’s remonstrances. As they used to wash at home, the ink-spots on his ruffles were a great additional trouble to the servants, and she used lecturingly to say, “Mr. Hollis, I don’t think lawyers *need* to wear ruffles.” He was a little man, and always wore a wig.’

To return to Harriot M^cKinley’s letter:—

‘His youngest son, William, died at an early age, not long after (I believe) he had joined his father’s profession. He was educated at the Grammar School, Guildford, under Mr. Cole, and was said to be very clever.

‘The acquaintance between the Hollis and Larcom families may have begun with the intimacy of the four young naval officers. This I cannot tell, as they were always a united family in my memory. The Larcoms’ father had some employment in Portsmouth Dockyard.

‘The Paffards were country gentlemen, and very hospitable, making all their friends welcome. Mr. John Paffard held Grange under the Lord of the Manor, Mr. Prideaux-Brune. Mr. William Paffard, the married brother, on the death of his only son William (and uncle Hollis [his surviving nephew] preferring the naval profession), sold his farm of Lee, where he lived, and came into Gosport. Some small farms were still kept in the family, but as they were lifehold, and not renewed, they fell in with the next generation, having been left to aunt Aiskew and aunt Larcom. The so-called “aunt Aiskew’s” grandfather was Clerk of the House of Commons. Their father held the livings of Blendworth and Catherington from the Duke of Beaufort, a personal friend of his father; but as their mother found it too dull for them in the winter, they had the house at Fareham, and he used to ride over every Sunday to serve his churches.’

In another letter Harriot M^cKinley speaks of the connection kept up between the Hollises and the Holmeses of

the Isle of Wight, of whom a Lady Miller of the Island, with whom they were intimate in the last century, was a member.

‘When grandfather Hollis’s profession led him to settle in Gosport, and marrying there, the wife’s family became more to them than their own. . . . From those olden times the name of Hollis has spread very much in the island ; but none of the family appear to have raised themselves to any distinction. Mr. George Hollis of Winchester used, I have heard say, to be very desirous of claiming relationship, but the claim was not willingly allowed either by my grandfather or uncle [Admiral Hollis]. Aunt West has just reminded me that before his marriage with Miss Paffard Mr. Hollis had married a Miss Martha Hawes of London, but she only lived a short time. The connection was kept up ; my mother frequently going to stay at Mr. Hawes’s, whose son continued on very friendly terms with the family ; so also did Mr., afterwards Sir Charles, Flower, and his sister, and Mr. Richardson, Chief Accountant at the India House, who married the Dowager Countess Winterton, and it was in his carriage my mother went to Westminster Hall, and sat in the Duke of York’s “pew” at Warren Hastings’ trial.’

[These were members no doubt of Mr. Hawes’s family.]

From some notes made by Harriot M^cKinley, supplemented by family records left by the Paffards and lent me by Edward Clay, I have constructed the pedigree which appears at the end of this book.

The older names in this pedigree will be little more than names to the next and future generations, but in our childhood we were frequently taken, when on a visit to our grandmother at Gosport, to see the Miss Aiskews of Fareham, two very ancient, and to us, terrible old maids, whose antique house has only in modern times been sold to Mr. Paddon of that place. They were central figures in the old card-party, Assembly-room days of Fareham, when the society was probably extremely like that described so inimitably by Mrs. Gaskell in ‘Cranford.’ The name of Paffard, as well as of Aiskew, was perpetuated in the families of Larcum, and the latter in that of Clay ; but I have nothing further to record of them than their pedigree, and what Harriot M^cKinley has told

us. Old Mr. Aiskew must have been an intimate friend of the Duke of Beaufort who gave him his two livings, as some letters and a snuff-box, in the possession of the Clays, witness. He was probably of the same clan as the Ayseoughs or Ayseues, who have given more than one distinguished member to the naval service of Great Britain at different periods of history. The old ladies above mentioned had many traditions of connection with high life, and were always recognised as having a right to assume the position of *censores morum*. They were the last of their name, or at least of that branch of their family.

We must now have recourse to Marshall's Biography, vol. ii. p. 115, 1824, for the Admiral's career.

‘AISKEW PAFFARD HOLLIS, Esq.; Post-Captain; and a Colonel of the Royal Marines.

‘This officer entered the naval service at an early age under the protection of Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral) Parry, with whom he served as a midshipman on board the *Lynx*, *Lizard*, and *Actæon* in the West Indies and British Channel. He subsequently joined the *Vigilant* of sixty-four guns, commanded by the late Admiral Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart., which ship formed part of Admiral Keppel's fleet, and was warmly engaged in the action with M. D'Orvilliers off Ushant, July 27, 1778.

‘Mr. Hollis's promotion to a lieutenancy took place Jan. 22, 1781; and from that period until July 27, 1793, we find him serving successively in the *Seaford* of 24 guns, *Pégase* 74, *Narcissus* 24, and *Andromeda* frigate, under the Captains Christian, Roberts, Marshall, Bligh, and Salisbury. At the latter period he was removed by Rear-Admiral Alan Gardner into his flag-ship, the *Queen*, a second-rate, then on the West India Station, but soon afterwards attached to the Channel Fleet under the orders of Earl Howe.

‘Early in 1794 the French fitted out a powerful fleet, manned with the flower of their marine, and commanded by an officer of acknowledged bravery and long experience. On board the Admiral's ship were two Commissioners, delegated by the National Convention to animate by their presence the operations of the

armament, and inspire the seamen with a more than ordinary portion of hostility against the British nation ; but the intentions of the enemy, in spite of all their measures, and the bravery, bordering on desperation, with which they fought, were, happily for the safety of England, averted by the splendid victory gained by Earl Howe on the memorable First of June. The conduct of the Queen on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion, and in the preceding battle of May 29, is thus described by a contemporary writer :—

“Of the twelve or fourteen ships that had the good fortune to be engaged on May 29, the Queen, Royal George, Royal Sovereign, and Invincible were those only whose casualties were of any serious consequence (Queen, mizentop-mast and foreyard shot away ; main-mast, bowsprit and foretop-mast shot through ; the master and two men killed, and the captain (Hutt), sixth lieutenant, and twenty-six wounded) ; and such were the exertions on board the Queen that, before dark, new sails were bent fore and aft, a maintop-sail-yard had been got up for a foreyard, a foretop-gallant-mast for a mizentop-mast, and a foretop-gallantyard for a mizen-top-sail-yard ; new sails were also bent fore and aft, and the ship was again reported ready for service.

“On June 1, the Queen in bearing down to engage, having suffered considerably in her sails and rigging, was unable to get abreast of her proper opponent, the Northumberland, who, with her fore and main tacks down, was running fast ahead. She therefore closed with the seventh French ship, the Jemmappes. This ship also made sail ahead, and then ran to leeward ; but the Queen kept close upon her starboard quarter, and annoyed her much. The Jemmappes, having had her colours twice shot away, rehoisted them at the mizen-top-gallant masthead, but at 10.45 A.M. her mizen-mast went by the board. At 11 A.M. the Queen's main-mast went over the lee side, springing in its fall the mizen-mast, and carrying away the fore part of the poop, and part of the quarter-deck bulwark. In another quarter of an hour the main-mast of the Jemmappes fell, as did, immediately afterwards, her fore-mast. At this time the Queen had fallen round off ; and the crew of the Jemmappes, having been driven from their quarters with great slaughter, came upon deck, and waved submission with their hats. But the Queen was in too disabled a state to take possession. Her mizen-topmast had been shot away since the fall of her main-mast, her foremast and bowsprit had been shot through

in several places, and her mizen-mast, from its wounds, was expected every instant to fall; her rigging had been cut to pieces, and her sails rendered useless.

“After about an hour’s exertions in repairing some of her principal damages the Queen had got her head towards her own fleet, and was steering along to leeward of it; when, at about 30 m. P.M. she discovered, through the smoke to leeward, twelve sail of French ships standing towards her. The leading ship, the *Montagne*, passed without firing, and so did her second astern; but the third ship opened her fire, as did also every one of the remaining eight, the last of which was the *Terrible*, with only her foremast standing. The latter was towed into the line by three frigates, two of which cast off, and hauled to windward to engage the Queen. The Queen, however, soon convinced them that her guns were not so disabled as her masts; and the two frigates put up their helms, and ran to leeward without returning a shot.

“The opportune appearance of the Queen Charlotte and the line astern of her had caused the *Montagne* and her line to keep more away than M. Villaret had at first intended; the Queen, therefore, suffered but little from the distant cannonade to which she was exposed. On coming abreast of the Queen’s late antagonist, the *Jemmappes*, the French Admiral detached a frigate to tow the latter off, as well as two other dismasted two-deckers lying at no great distance from her. The loss sustained by the Queen this day amounted to fourteen seamen and marines or soldiers killed; her second and an acting lieutenant, one midshipman, and thirty-seven seamen and marines or soldiers wounded.” (James’s Naval History, vol. i. pp. 140, 165, 166: edition of 1837. This edition varies from the first, which was quoted by Marshall.) “The total number of killed and wounded on board the Queen, in the two actions, as stated in the London Gazette, agrees with the foregoing statements, but in the list of wounded presents us with the name of Captain Hutt, who lost a leg, and died a few days after his arrival at Portsmouth.

“Among those who were seriously hurt in the conflict of June 1, but whose names were not reported as such, was Lieutenant Hollis, who received a severe contusion in the head by a splinter. The other officers of his rank wounded were Messrs. Dawes, Lawrie, and Crimes, the former mortally.”

We may here interrupt the narrative in Marshall’s Naval

Biography, which includes the above quotation from James's Naval History, by the remark that the performances of Admiral Alan Gardner in the *Queen* were not surpassed by those of any other ship. Both on May 29th and 1st of June the *Queen* took far more than her share of the battle on each occasion, was both times in the most imminent danger of being overpowered and captured, was on the last occasion dismasted, and finally suffered very heavily both in officers and men. As the Captain, Master, and three of the Lieutenants were killed or wounded, Hollis, as the officer third in command, must have had a large share in the splendid seamanship which on both occasions got the ship into working order again in an hour's time after she had been incapacitated by the fire of the enemy. The Admiral was marked out by his fine conduct for the peerage, which he afterwards attained; but it was one of the anomalies of the service that Hollis, who carried the mark of his wound on his face for life, should have missed promotion not only for this but for the subsequent battle under Lord Bridport, where the *Queen* was again engaged under the flag of Sir Alan Gardner, but by her slow sailing was disabled from sharing the heat of the action with Thomas Larcom's ship, the *Russell*, and the other leading ships.

To resume Marshall's narrative:—

'Some time after Bridport's action, Lieutenant Hollis accompanied Vice-Admiral Sir Alan Gardner into the *Royal Sovereign*, a first-rate; and he continued to serve with that highly-distinguished officer till November 1, 1796, on which day he was promoted to the rank of Commander in the *Chichester*, a 44-gun ship, armed *en flute*, intended to form part of a squadron about to be placed under the orders of Lord Hugh Seymour, for the reduction of the *Manillas*¹.

¹ He had thus been nearly sixteen years a Lieutenant, and had taken part in no less than three general actions, Keppel's, Howe's, and Bridport's, since he went to sea. As Admiral Gardner's recognition of his merits by taking him from one ship to another with him proves that Hollis not only saw all this distinguished service,

‘On the 10th Nov., 1797, Captain Hollis being at the Cape of Good Hope, received an order from Rear-Admiral Pringle, Commander-in-chief on that station, to assume the temporary command of the *Jupiter* (her Captain being absent on a Court-martial) and proceed with that ship to the advanced anchorage of Robben Island, where the *Crescent* frigate was then lying in a state of mutiny, and whose crew he was directed to reduce to immediate submission. The *Crescent* was met by the *Jupiter* coming into Table Bay, towed under the batteries, her ringleaders secured, brought to trial, and punished. On the 16th of the same month Captain Hollis was posted into the *Tremendous*, 74, bearing the Rear-Admiral’s flag; and a few weeks afterwards appointed to the *Vindictive*, a small frigate, in which he was ordered home as convoy to a large fleet of East Indiamen. On his arrival in England the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company presented Captain Hollis with a valuable piece of plate.

‘Captain Hollis’s advancement to post rank was confirmed by the Admiralty on Feb. 5, 1798, and the *Vindictive*, owing to her bad condition, was paid off May 4 following. From this latter date we find no mention of our officer till June 8, 1801, when he obtained the command of the *Thames*, a 32-gun frigate, in which he performed a most essential service on the 13th of the following month, by heaving off from the shoals of Conil, and with great exertions towing into Gibraltar the *Venerable*, 74, commanded by the late gallant Sir Samuel Hood, who when eagerly pursuing the French ship *Formidable*, forming part of the combined squadrons attacked by Sir James Saumarez in the Gut in the preceding night, had unfortunately grounded, and lost all his masts. Sir James, in his official despatch relative to the above action, makes particular mention of Captain Hollis; and the Commander of the *Venerable*, when writing to the Rear-Admiral, three days after the action, says:—“it was only by the great exertion of the *Thames*, with the boats you sent me, the *Venerable* was saved after being on shore some time.”

‘Shortly after this event Captain Hollis, in company with the Hon. Captain Dundas of the *Calpe*, sloop, destroyed a number of the enemy’s coasters in the Bay of Estapona; and on the 21st of

but was worthy of high patronage, it can scarcely be doubtful that he suffered thus early in his career from the want of that aristocratic interest which others possessed.

September following, the boats of the Thames boarded and carried a Spanish privateer. From this period Captain Hollis was employed on the coast of Egypt and in various other services in the Mediterranean, until the Peace of Amiens, when he returned to England, and paid off the Thames Jan. 15, 1803.

‘In the ensuing autumn our officer commissioned the *Mermaid*, of 32 guns; and after cruising for some time in the Channel, escorted a fleet of merchantmen to the West Indies. In October, 1804, he was sent by Sir John Duckworth, the Commander-in-chief, to reconnoitre the harbour and arsenal of the Havanna; and on the 16th of the following month, whilst lying there preparing to entertain the Spanish officers at that place, he received information which induced him to believe hostilities with Spain were about to commence in Europe, and that it was most probable the Government of Cuba were already in possession of similar information. In this situation prompt measures alone could save the *Mermaid* from detention, and whilst the public authorities were deliberating on the propriety of detaining her, she warped out clear of the batteries, and remaining off the port three or four days, brought out by means of her boats several English vessels which she afterwards convoyed through the Gulf, and so saved property to a considerable amount. The *Mermaid* was subsequently employed in affording protection to the British trade between Nova Scotia and the West Indies, and put out of Commission on Aug. 20, 1807.

‘Captain Hollis’s next appointment was, on March 16, 1809, to the *Standard*, 64, forming part of the Baltic fleet under Sir James Saumarez, by whom he was entrusted with the command of a small squadron sent to reduce the Danish Island of Anholt, which service was most ably effected by a strong detachment of seamen and marines landed with their respective officers under cover of the squadron. The garrison of 170 men surrendered at discretion, with a loss on our side of only one man killed and two wounded. The utility of the capture of this nest of privateers, etc. may be inferred from the circumstance that Captain Hollis afterwards passed through the Belt at different times with upwards of 2000 sail under his protection, going to and returning from the Baltic.

‘Early in 1811, after convoying a fleet of merchantmen to Lisbon and Cadiz, Captain Hollis was removed into the *Achille*, 80, and attached to the fleet blockading Toulon. He subsequently visited Malta; from thence went to the protection of Sicily; and was

ultimately ordered to the Adriatic, where he continued about eighteen months, during which time he was employed blockading the French and Venetian squadrons at Venice, consisting of three line-of-battle ships and a frigate ready for sea, and several of each class fitting in the arsenal. The *Achille*, being in want of repair, was obliged to return to England in the summer of 1813, on which occasion she escorted home the Mediterranean trade.

‘After refitting his ship, and commanding the blockade of Cherbourg for some time, our officer, in May 1814, convoyed a fleet to South America, and remained on that station till he paid off the *Achille* on Sept. 16, 1816. He then obtained the command of the *Rivoli*, 74, stationed at Portsmouth, and paid her off on Feb. 18, 1817. On Sept. 11, 1818, he commissioned the *Ramillies*, another third-rate, which he commanded nearly three years, occasionally hoisting a broad pendant as senior officer at Portsmouth, during the absence of the Commander-in-chief. He was nominated to a Colonelship of Marines on the Coronation of his present Majesty’ [George IV]¹.

This was not only a lucrative, though of course sinecure, office, but was reckoned a mark of very high distinction, of much the same rank as a knighthood, and to those who wanted the pay, a far preferable one.

On reviewing this long roll of useful, if not brilliant service, it is evident that our great-uncle was a very competent and trustworthy officer, who stuck to his profession, and spent his life most honourably at sea. Very few officers could boast of such a lengthened sea-service as fifty-two years, the number with which he is credited on his monument in Alverstoke church; but, like the rest of the brotherhood, fortune did not favour him. After his early and unrequited services in great sea-fights he was never fortunate enough to have a share in those of St. Vincent, Nelson, and the crowning glories of the great war. He was out of the way on the American Coast on some of these occasions, and had no opportunities of importance when in the Mediterranean.

¹ Here Marshall's account comes to an end.

What war-service he had to perform of a minor kind, at Algesiraz, or when in command at Anholt, or in conveying ships, he did well; he never seems to have got into a scrape of any kind; and may altogether be taken as a type of the better sort of British naval officers, the stuff out of which, for the most part, the founders and defenders of the modern British Empire have been formed. It may be added that he was a man of more accomplishments than were common to naval men in those days, or even now. He played the flute, and was no contemptible draughtsman; and though his drawings have an unartistic stiffness about them, they are faithful representations. No doubt his cheerful temperament stood him in stead through many disappointments; and this particular characteristic was evident enough to our childish apprehension.

It has been mentioned that Admiral Hollis, when in the *Achille*, visited Malta, and thus added another member of the family to those who gathered round Commissioner Larcom, about the time of our mother's marriage. Of this visit our aunt Harriet Larcom has even now a perfect recollection, for she well remembers, when taken to see him as a child, the sensation of having her toes rapped by the official because she would put them over the line which separated the visitors from those in quarantine.

I may conclude with our uncle M^cKinley's testimony to the private character of his brother-in-law, conveyed in a letter to me of June 1844, when I was at sea, informing me of his death:—‘I am confident that when you heard of the death of uncle Hollis you would feel it with true Christian resignation to the all-wise disposal of Him who knows what is best for us poor mortals. It hath pleased Him to permit us, if we choose, to imitate so good an example; for his long life was devoted as a dutiful son, a fond and affectionate brother, and one who deeply interested himself in the happiness and welfare of his nephews and nieces.’ It will be seen at the end of the notice of Admiral M^cKinley, that, like his brother-in-law, he took care that religious observance of the Sunday

should never be omitted on board the ships he commanded, and that his men should have Bibles and Prayer-books.

These little personal reminiscences make up to us in some degree for the want of anecdotes and adventures which might give life to the picture of this worthy member of the brotherhood; but our descendants, who have not that advantage, must be satisfied with just what I have here told them, for I know no more.

ADMIRAL GEORGE M^cKINLEY.

ADMIRAL GEORGE MCKINLEY.

THE fourth member of the brotherhood comes before us even more distinctly than Admiral Hollis. Living as he did at Anglesey, near Gosport, to old age, we of our generation knew him perfectly well in our manhood; his four daughters, first cousins of our mother and aunts, always kept up intimate relations with them and with us; and from Harriot, the eldest, some materials for a memoir have been gathered, besides a few autobiographical notes of his own, and sundry letters which throw light on a career of a more interesting kind in some respects than any of the foregoing. Well do we remember the frank, genial, jocose, sailor-like style of the good old man, and familiar enough to us was the florid, good-looking face, and the strong, square-built figure, below the middle size, which seemed to us the very type of the old-fashioned officer whose boast it was never to have been on half-pay for forty years. I was of course a subject of peculiar interest to him, and cherish many recollections of his kindly sympathy; but I could never quite get over the feeling that he had a sort of right to hold me and everything connected with the modern Navy in lofty contempt. The Service, as he knew it, in every part and in every detail, the great officers of the war who had long passed away, these were his standards; and it was not wonderful that he should observe many marks of deterioration. He was not perhaps far wrong. Such a Navy as England possessed between 1780 and 1820 no country ever had before, and none will ever have again. Steam and new artillery have changed all that; and what the future of naval conflicts will be, who can tell?

That such a man could fail to have prejudices was of course impossible, and he was outspoken enough in relation to them. In his day there were so many ships employed in the British Channel that a perfect knowledge of its soundings was a necessity for every officer. When I arrived in England after my first three-years' service as midshipman in the *Andromache*—possibly a little puffed up with our performances against the Malay pirates—the old gentleman took me down in the following manner: 'You are all scientific officers nowadays—I'll be bound you know nothing about the British Channel. Now, suppose such and such a point bore N.W., and such and such a point N.N.E., what soundings would you have?' Of course, as this had formed no part of my education, I was hopelessly ignorant, and was not surprised to hear him exclaim—'I thought so.' But this did not prevent his giving me a most useful introduction to the Captain of my new ship, the *Edinburgh*, which perhaps saved my life. Prostrated, and at the point of death by the Syrian fever and dysentery, this good Captain had me removed from the dismal cockpit to his own cabin, where I passed the crisis, recovered, and lived for quite a month till sufficiently strong to do duty in the bombardment of Acre; and I have always attributed this tenderness to Captain Henderson's having been an old follower of 'Uncle Mac,' as we used to designate him.

So also when in what he must have thought a somewhat too obstinate pursuit of science, I competed for the Lieutenant's Commission at the Portsmouth Naval College with Cooper Key and Leopold McClinton, and only came out second, nothing would suit him but he must introduce me to his old friend the Port Admiral, Sir Charles Rowley, by way of affording some compensation for my disappointment, however remote, through the Admiral's interest. The result was not however quite satisfactory. He had no sooner begun to descant upon my merits than my immediate chief, Sir Thomas Hastings, happened to be announced. As I was a favourite with him, he also had been disappointed at my failure, and he likewise thought proper to add his testimony to that of my

uncle. This was too much for the patience of the experienced and cynical Port Admiral. 'Oh,' said he, 'your young friend appears to be an admirable young man, and very clever at his books. He's sure to break out, sure to break out.' It may be supposed that no part of these proceedings was very agreeable to the person chiefly concerned.

The Twelfth of April was a solemn day with 'Uncle Mac.' Besides that it was his first battle, he was quite right in his estimation of the real importance of Rodney's victory; and I can now understand what I did not then, that it was an entire mistake to allow its memory to be eclipsed by Nelson's splendid achievements. There was always a dinner-party on that day, and healths were drunk in fine, old-fashioned style. For some reason or other the final toast drunk all round was called 'General Breezo.' Let it not be supposed that there was the slightest excess on these occasions. Our uncle was a model of sobriety; and as to smoking, he was prejudiced to the highest degree against such a practice. 'No gentleman smokes,' he used often to say. He had probably been warned in similar terms by some of the great officers whose memory he worshipped. Finally—for we must get to the story of his life,—never can I forget the tender sympathy he displayed when my father was dying, and I, who did not expect to be summoned from the Excellent quite so soon, was hurrying out through the Alverstoke lanes, and met my uncle, with the tears running down his cheeks, as he grasped my hand, unable to speak. Very soon afterwards his own summons came, and did not find him, sudden though it was, unprepared.

The family seem to have no records earlier than those of the Admiral's father, Lieutenant Samuel McKinley, R.N.: but this officer, both by his own services and his marriage, had provided a certain amount of interest for his son, which stood him in good stead for a considerable part of his life. He was one of that class of old and useful Lieutenants who were employed in constant service, but having been passed over in early life, learnt to regard their position as fixed,

became married men, and lived a half-sea and half-shore life, without expecting to rise higher. They were often appointed to some guard-ship, and perhaps moved about with the Captain, as we find McKinley did with Captain the Hon. Samuel Barrington after the Peace of Paris. At an earlier date, 1757, we find him mentioned in Sir Edward Hawke's Despatches, when setting out on the unfortunate Rochefort Expedition. Lieutenant McKinley is the officer entrusted with the command of several cutters and light vessels employed to whip up the transports, and enable the Admiral to get away. He was probably First Lieutenant of the Portsmouth guard-ship at the time. By marriage he was connected with the famous Lord Hood, as Miss Levett who became Mrs. McKinley, and Miss Linzee who became Lady Hood, were first cousins; and hence another Admiral, nephew of the latter lady, Sir Samuel Hood Linzee, was connected with young George, and did all he could for him.

'My father,' says Harriot McKinley, 'was the seventh and youngest son of Lieutenant Samuel McKinley, and born December 9, 1766, at Plymouth Dock, now Devonport. His father was First Lieutenant to Captain Barrington, and one day taking his little boy on board with him, the Captain asked him what he meant to be, to which he answered, he would go to sea. "So you shall, my little fellow," said the Captain, clapping a guinea into his hand. He was thus entered as Captain's Servant at 7 years old, the usual mode of entering the Navy at that time, instead of, as at present, commencing as Naval Cadet.'

From a memorandum in McKinley's own hand I extract the following as bearing on this early period:—

'In 1775 I was borne on the books of H. M. S. Albion, with the Hon. Captain Barrington, and went on board every Sunday to dine with him, as he took me under his special protection. But when he had the ship's company inoculated, my father would not consent [to my being inoculated], and for some time I was deprived of going on board, which was always a great delight to me, being very fond of the Navy. At his being superseded by the Hon. Captain Leveson-Gower, I was continued, and was always treated

in the same manner, frequently dining in the wardroom, but usually at Anthony House, where he lived, and where Mrs. Leveson was ever kind to me. I was afterwards in the *Foudroyant*, with Captain Jervis [Lord St. Vincent], and treated in the same manner. When Captain Barrington was promoted to his Flag, then of the *Red*, and appointed to the command in the West Indies, I was fitted out to go with him; and being then only 11 years of age, I was, with several others, put with the mess of Mr. Burnett, and under his direction. We sailed from Plymouth to join a fleet forming at Spithead, for to be reviewed by his Majesty; after which we sailed and arrived at Barbadoes in June, 1778.'

Soon after the beginning of the time here described he lost both his father and mother (when he 'was about nine years old'), and the care with which he was handed over from one Captain to another until he was fit to go to sea, was the mode in which these well-known and excellent officers testified their respect for his father, as well as their personal interest in the boy. Commissioner Ourry of Plymouth Dockyard (the Captain Ourry of the *Actæon*, mentioned in the 'Life of Lord Hawke') and his sister were also very kind to the boy, nursing him at their own house through the process of inoculation, and they were still further useful to an elder brother. His home was with Mrs. White, a sister eighteen years older than himself, who settled at Gosport, where indeed the family had previously resided when the father's ship had been stationed there. Here is the germ of the connection with the brotherhood. Two of his elder brothers had previously gone to sea. They died as lieutenants.

Resuming M^cKinley's sketch of his early career, which must, to judge by its style, have been written early in life, he says:—

'At finishing my Navigation with the other youngsters I was sent into the *Ceres* sloop, under Captain J. R. Dacres, was taken by the *Iphigénie*, French coppered frigate, commanded by Comte de Kersaint, 20th December. The *Ceres* was a fine 18-gun sloop, coppered, and had charge of some transports to go into the Cul de Sac, St. Lucia, where Admiral Barrington with his squadron were lying, having besieged the island. Comte D'Estaing commanded

a very superior fleet, and had made several attacks on the Admiral without effect. Soon afterwards he left, and went to Martinique, leaving St. Lucia in our possession; Iphigénie accompanied. Every article we had the French plundered from us, in fact stole from us [even his hat, as he went up the ship's side], so that we had not a thing left; and we were all of us sent prisoners to St. Pierre. The French were much pleased with me; we youngsters were on parole.'

His daughter says 'they treated him very kindly, making quite a pet of him.' He was just twelve years old.

'On the 10th January, 1779, we were sent to St. Lucia, the ship's company and self being put on board the *Surprise*, an American sloop of ten 6-pounders, and [she] got under the guns of the *Prince of Wales* [and so was recaptured]. The First Lieutenant [? of the *Prince of Wales*] was made Captain into her, and we went on a cruise to the windward of Barbadoes. She sailed remarkably fast, and was filled with cork between the outer and inner planking; her mizen-mast was 4 ft. 4 in. taller than her main-mast, with a boom-mizen as a cutter's main-sail. We took several cruisers. We were in company with the *Proserpine*, the Hon. Captain Byron, and *Rose*, Captain Duckworth, at the capture of the *Alcmene*, French frigate, to which ship our Captain was posted, and I went with him. We refitted in English Harbour, where I was seized with the [yellow] fever, and given over, the shell being absolutely alongside the bed ready to receive me, but thank God that was averted; I was nearly four months before I was perfectly recovered. The *Fortunée* was heaving down, and nothing could exceed the kindness of her officers and our own towards me.

'After this we went to St. Lucia, and received orders, along with the *Blanche* frigate, Captain Appleby, to take the homeward-bound convoy from Antigua. On the morning of the 10th [? month], 1780, the gale increased, hauled all our sails, sent down great yards, and struck the masts. Gale increased to a perfect hurricane from N.E. The sea pooped us, washed everything off the poop, the water on the lower deck nearly up to the upper deck, and on the main deck up to the ports, all the half-ports and demi-lights washed away. We had the French bell-pumps. The water gained on them. We expected the main-mast to go every moment. A consultation whether to cut away the masts and

throw over the guns: it was deferred with the hope the hurricane was at its height. It was tremendous. It was thought the poop saved us, as it assisted to keep the ship to. There was not one on board but thought foundering must be inevitably our fate. At daylight it rained heavily and incessantly. Towards evening the hurricane abated, but a very high sea. Only three main-shrouds standing, the ship rolling deep and masts expected to go every minute,—when it moderated. The sails were found to be blown to ribbons, and everything on board damaged. Several sail in sight, French merchant-ships blown out of Fort Royal, but the Captain, for some good reason no doubt, would not go after them. We almost ran down, and were obliged to take, a French snow¹, on board of which I was sent, with Lieutenant Shield, to St. John's, Antigua, and received £70 for her [his share of prize-money]. Privateers from Antigua came out and took several of these vessels, for there was no man-of-war [amongst them].'

The above short memorandum now almost deserts us. The whole year, 1781, is wanting; and the following few lines concerning the stirring events of the famous year 1782 complete our information from his pen. Let us hear what he says, and fill it up as we can:—

'The 15th January, 1782, was appointed Lieutenant to H.M.S. Stormont, and was supernumerary on board the sloop Surprise [his old ship], to join the Stormont at Demerara. On arriving off there [found] the French had captured her; returned to Barbadoes, and was discharged as supernumerary into H.M.S. Pegasus to join Sir Samuel Hood; then was discharged as supernumerary into the Barfleur immediately after. Sir Samuel Hood left St. Kitts about the middle of February, 1782. Lieutenant Harrison having absented himself on the 8th of April, I was ordered to do duty as Junior Lieutenant, and was quartered to the command of the seven aftermost guns on the lower deck on the days of the actions, 9th and 12th of April. . . . When on April 19th, at the capture of the Jason, Caton, Aimable, and Ceres, Lieutenant Goderich of the Champion was ordered to take charge of the Ceres, I succeeded him in the Champion, and continued in her until appointed by Lord Rodney to the Aimable, May 11, 1782.'

¹ A small craft of a rig now obsolete.

It is much to be regretted that the writer was never asked to expand this brief record, which has not even the interest a log-book might afford.

The *Aimable* was the twelfth ship in which he served during his four years in the West Indies; and he seems to have been present at two battles under Sir Samuel Hood besides the two fought by Rodney, the last of which ranks in magnitude and decisive effect with the victories of Quiberon, the Nile, and Trafalgar. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more eventful opening of a naval career, or a finer school for a young officer. The two battles Hood fought were instances of the consummate handling of a weaker force so as to delay and hamper that of the superior, without allowing him to use his advantage to crush the inferior.

The young midshipman was under Captain Brine in the *Belliqueux* on the above occasions, and it was not till December, 1781, that he was taken on board the *Barfleur*, the flagship of his distinguished relative Sir Samuel Hood. He was precisely at the age to imbibe a feeling of veneration for so fine an officer, but it is curious that there should not be one word to convey it. His appointment as Lieutenant to the *Stormont* when he was only fifteen years and two months old was, I should think, one of the very earliest promotions on record. The story has survived that when Hood gave McKinley his Commission, he good-humouredly told him that he was so small that he was quite ashamed of him, and bade him steal out of the port instead of going down the gangway where people might see him. Absurdly young as he was, it is likely enough that the experience he had gone through had made him perfectly fit for his work; but there was no such favour shown to Prince William Henry, of whom another of the family stories has been handed down by our relative. It seems that Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence, and one year older than McKinley, who had become acquainted with him while both were serving in Hood's fleet, expressed his sense of

the hardship he had to undergo in attending upon him when he went over the side as Lieutenant, while he, himself a king's son, as he said, was left unpromoted. He always retained a friendship for our uncle, in spite of this characteristic 'growl.'

We have seen from McKinley's own account that the ship he was to have joined had been taken by the enemy before he could get to her. This was fortunate for him, as he was sent back once more to Hood's flag-ship, and in the responsible charge of a battery of guns took a real part in Rodney's actions, on board the ship which, next to Rodney's own, contributed most to the victory. Hood must now have felt proud of his little protégé, (who by the bye received a contusion in the battle which dislocated two of his toes,) but perhaps was not sorry to remove him from observation by recommending Rodney to appoint him as Junior Lieutenant to *L'Aimable*, a captured frigate placed under the charge of Captain Alexander Hood; she had been taken, along with two line-of-battle ships, by Sir S. Hood, a week after the battle. Sailing to England in her, the young officer bade farewell to a fleet which must have appeared like home to him, for besides Admiral Hood himself, and several officers amongst whom the chances of a very lively campaign had thrown him, one of the line-of-battle ships was commanded by the Captain Linzee formerly mentioned.

A striking picture in the Larcoms' house at Gosport, impressed our boyish imagination. It represented the desertion of the *Ramillies*, Admiral Graves' flag-ship, and the foundering of others in a heavy sea, and so records the disasters of the fleet and convoy of which *L'Aimable* and the rest of the captured ships formed a part.

'They encountered a dreadful gale of wind on Sept. 17, 1782, which continued with unabated violence till the 20th. The *Ramillies*, 74, became such a wreck as to be obliged to be deserted. She was set on fire, and her officers and crew took refuge on board some of the other vessels. The *Centaur*, 74, foundered. Her

captain and a few officers and men only were saved. Two of the prizes, the *Ville de Paris* and the *Glorieux*, went to the bottom with 1200 men. Numbers of the convoy foundered, and most of them lost their masts. The *Canada* weathered the gale, and got safe to England. The *Hector*, after having been attacked when in a disabled and almost sinking state by two frigates, which she gallantly beat off, became a perfect wreck, and was abandoned. Her brave commander, Captain Bouchier, was desperately wounded, but survived, and was afterwards rewarded with the Lieutenant-Governorship of Greenwich Hospital.' (*Mundy's Life of Rodney*, ii. 319.)

A letter of this period from McKinley's most kind and worthy friend, Mr. Francis Stephens, of the Victualling Office, Gosport, should find its place here.

'Gosport, *April 24, 1782.*

'MY DEAR GEORGE,

'I am much pleased to find you have behaved so as to deserve Sir Samuel Hood's favour. I send you enclosed a certificate of your servitude, which you will show to Mr. Burnett, and take his advice what to do with it. . . . If I hear from him that you continue to behave well I will undertake to be your agent, because you seem to wish it. The Admiral [Leveson-Gower] is very well, and much pleased with your behaviour. I am sure you will never forget how good he has been to you.'

In another letter, of 1784, full of excellent advice, Mr. Stephens warns the lad against insubordination, which was the ruin of several young men at that time:—

'If your Captain should chance at any time to be displeased with you, do not be sullen on the occasion, but decently express your concern, and show him it is your intention to conduct yourself to his satisfaction in future. . . . I hope you remember the advice I gave you not to get in love; and I have too good an opinion of you to think it necessary to say anything against drinking.'

We thus conclude the first part of young McKinley's career. It cannot be said that the 'ocean-child' had met with any but the most tender foster-fathers, or showed in any way a spirit unworthy of so much solicitude. Even

the solemn warning against falling in love was taken so seriously to heart that we hear nothing of matrimony for eight years; and yet he was some months on half-pay at 'Aunt White's,' and she whom he afterwards married was living not many yards off, and must have shared in the admiration which so many adventures, so much liveliness, and so much youthfulness must have excited in the female breast.

McKinley was now to pay the penalty of his extraordinarily early promotion in a very prolonged service as Lieutenant. His case was indeed precisely similar to that of multitudes, and among others, the Larcoms and Hollis, after the Peace of Versailles in 1783. The race was to be one of patience and perseverance. Who could hold out longest, and be found highest when the next war should break out? He was no doubt the youngest Lieutenant of the brotherhood, but he served much longer in that rank than Joseph Larcom, and between his length of service and that of Hollis there was little to choose. After so brilliant a beginning it must have been terribly disappointing to be kept more than sixteen years a Lieutenant, and there is evidence that the strain almost proved too much for an eager and excitable temperament.

Our Lieutenant's services during the Peace require very few words. From April 1784, when his friend Mr. Stephens starts him off afresh, till 1793, he is employed on the Home Station and with the Channel Fleet in vessels of all sizes. He has himself given an account of an adventure which occurred when in command of a boat belonging to H.M.S. *Trimmer*, detached to look out for smugglers.

‘ Thomas Grant’s, Esq., Biddeford,
‘ *March 26, 1787.*

‘ MY DEAR BESSY [afterwards Mrs. White],

‘ Agreeable to my promise last post I now take up my pen to communicate to you the manner I came here. I left the *Trimmer* in her small four-oared boat in chase of a boat that put off from a sloop we were in chase of. I took the boat, and was

out all that night (Wednesday), and the next morning a gale of wind came on, and I could not see the Trimmer; so I was obliged to bear up for Appledore, the distance about fourteen leagues, where I nor either of the men ever was before; and by God's Providence got over the bar safe. Such a thing was never known before, our coming through breakers running as high as the houses. I knew that if I stayed out till dark I must have inevitably been lost; so I thought to make a push over this dangerous bar, and no more expected to have saved our lives than to be in Gosport to-night. I had neither money nor clothes with me. There was hundreds of people on the beach to see us land. It was a great miracle. When I got on shore my heart was so full that I could not help shedding tears for the miraculous preservation, for which I return God my most unfeigned thanks. The inhabitants behaved very hospitable to me, and I have now a great number of acquaintance, and the best now here in Bideford. But the next morning the Trimmer took the sloop, and she was drove in here from stress of weather. She has between four and five hundred tubs, tea and tobacco, and will be a pretty good one. They don't yet know where I am on board the Trimmer: they had given me over before the prize parted. This cruising after smugglers is very bad work. I caught a very bad cold. I am half blind now and spit blood. . . . Compliments to Mr. Titcher's family, Mowbrays, Hills, Hinxmans . . . remember me to Hollises, &c. . . .

‘Your most loving and affectionate brother,

‘GEORGE MCKINLEY.’

The delicacy of health to which this letter refers became so marked that in the autumn of next year he was obliged to relinquish employment for a few months, was thought to be in a decline, and went to Bristol for the waters. But he soon got round, and was appointed to the *Illustrious* and *Formidable* in succession, flag-ships of his early patron, Admiral the Hon. John Leveson-Gower. This officer and his wife never ceased to befriend him, and according to the hospitable practice of those days towards an Admiral's followers, frequently had him to stay with them at their house at Bill Hill. His still older friend, Admiral Barrington, had been previously applied to, as appears by the following letter:—

‘Nov. 12, 1789.

‘DEAR GEORGE,’

‘I shall be in London in a short time, can promise nothing, but will endeavour to get you employed.’

‘Yours sincerely,

‘SAMUEL BARRINGTON.’

‘George’s’ illness had very nearly shelved him. But after having thus pulled himself together again, what was to excuse him in the eyes of his patrons when he deliberately committed the heinous sin of matrimony? Mr. Stephens exhorts him with more than usual solemnity, and entreats him to write at once to Admiral Leveson-Gower, and give him the strongest assurances that nothing shall interfere with his zeal for the service. Good Mrs. Leveson also stands his friend, and succeeds in mollifying the Admiral. The marriage to Harriot Hollis on March 13, 1792, took place, as above stated, along with that of her sister Ann to our grandfather. I gather from all that has ever reached me that it was equally happy. We did not ourselves know our great aunt as well as we did our grandmother, but she survived her sister, living to a green old age at No. 12, Anglesey Crescent, and representing the old school down to a still later date among the new generation, a true help-meet, as she had always been, to her husband. The young couple had no galleon to help them to set up house, and experienced many a pinch in early life, but we shall see that they got on well enough as time went on, and if Mr. Hollis, the father, did not dower them with wealth, Admiral Hollis, the brother, turned out an excellent uncle to his nieces both in his lifetime and by his will. It was by no means so imprudent a marriage as doubtless George McKinley’s patrons believed it to be.

The appointment to a sea-going ship at the close of 1792 left the young couple with only a brief period of matrimonial enjoyment, but the *Alcide*, 74, was commanded by McKinley’s relative, Captain Robert Linzee, and in her he served, when the war broke out soon after, in the Mediterranean. He thus lost the ‘glorious First of June,’ nor did he gain

any equivalent to such service by forming part of Lord Hood's fleet engaged at Toulon, the Alcide having been detached to the assistance of the insurgents in Corsica. Captain Linzee here failed, with some loss, in attacking a fort named Forneilli near San Fiorenzo, and according to James, in his *Naval History*, had himself to thank for having delayed the attack so long as to afford ample time for preparation. This ship was unlucky. A few months later she, at the head of a squadron, was again beaten off with loss by two martello towers. On the first of the two occasions McKinley was First Lieutenant of the Alcide, on the second he was on board the Fortitude (lent, I suppose, by Capt. Linzee), which suffered the heavy loss of six killed and fifty-six wounded, a far larger number than most ships lost in Howe's action. This failure produced results. It caused a lasting but exaggerated respect for shore batteries as against ships, at length dispelled by the success of the battles of Algiers and Acre; and it led to the adoption of martello towers along the English coasts, since abandoned. To these the poet alludes:—

‘Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along her steep;
Her march is o’er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep!’

This Mediterranean cruise was put an end to by a mutiny, one of the first of the series which left their mark on the Navy.

Captain Linzee obtained his flag, and carried McKinley with him to the Windsor Castle, a 98-gun three-decker; I cannot make out whether as First Lieutenant, or not. The Captain was William Shield; and the crew obstinately refused to return to their duty unless the Admiral, the Captain, the First Lieutenant, and the Boatswain were dismissed. Lord Hood had just gone home, leaving the fleet in charge of Admiral William Hotham, who acceded to Captain Shield's request for a court-martial on himself. He was honourably acquitted.

‘Notwithstanding the result of this trial, the Commander-in-Chief sent to the Windsor Castle another Captain, another First Lieutenant, and another Boatswain; and, as a still further lenity, pardoned the mutineers.’—(James’s Naval History, i. 194.)

McKinley certainly was sent home at the date of the mutiny with despatches, by Admiral Hotham, and ‘Billy Shield’ accompanied him. It looks as if he were the Lieutenant complained of; but the narrative given by Harriot McKinley does not say so. It could be ascertained at the Record Office. It is well known that the best officers failed to satisfy the mutineers of this period: on the other hand, it seems inconceivable that so humane and so ‘jolly’ an officer could be the obstacle to the return to duty of even a very bad crew. As to Linzee, a Captain who always contrives to fail, and at the same time to cause severe loss to a crew, was exactly the sort of person to attract such storms as were then in the air.

The last three years of McKinley’s service as Lieutenant were performed in an independent command which gave him some opportunity of distinction, that of the *Liberty* brig. But several letters of this year, 1795, bear witness to the continuous efforts he was making to get placed in a better position. Mr. Stephens implores him not to go out of the regular line of the service in order to make more money. He pronounces against his applying for ‘a Signal House’—our modern coast guard—and against ‘employment in raising men’ (*alias* the press-gang), and tells him, if he must resign his brig, let him take to the Transport Service. He sends kind messages, to cheer him up, from ‘Mrs. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Bligh, and Capt. S.,’ signing himself, as he well might, ‘Yours affectionately and faithfully.’ Here also must be noticed a series of good and kind letters from Mr. Addington, afterwards Prime Minister, and better known as Lord Sidmouth, a devoted friend of the Leveson-Gowers, at whose house he had long known McKinley. Writing on December 29, 1795, he says:—

‘My interference, I am sorry to say, cannot go further, though

there is no step, tending to your advantage, which I would decline, that I could reconcile it to myself to take in behalf of any officer in His Majesty's service. This declaration arises from your general character, and particularly from the opinion entertained of you by Lord Hood and the late Admiral Leveson. From Mrs. Leveson I received a letter full of kindness and solicitude on your account at the latter end of October. . . . I am sure you will suffer much and reflect seriously before you determine to withdraw, at a moment like the present, your active exertions, though confined to a narrower sphere than might be wished, from the service of your country.'

It was in all probability the recent death of his best friend, Admiral Leveson-Gower, which had thrown such a gloom over his vision of the future; and one cannot altogether disconnect with his unsettled frame of mind the religious earnestness which made him seriously consider the question of becoming a clergyman. His Diary as Lieutenant, still extant, contains many pious expressions, generally in relation to his wife, who is spoken of in the most affectionate terms, 'loving,' 'beloved,' 'lovely,' 'may God keep her in His holy keeping,' &c., &c. Thus it was no 'religiousness' taken up late in life to which his daughters and nieces have always borne witness. It must have been a very practical matter when unswerving and universal testimony is borne to such facts as these:—that he never uttered an oath, never lost his temper, and never did an unkind thing; always said his prayers, and read his Bible and Prayer-book; was always a generous, liberal-hearted man, and 'not one to make money.' That so affectionate and domestic a man should at one time or other contemplate retirement was natural enough. We may be thankful that it came to nothing. He was now to renew his earlier and happier experiences of the profession under fortunate auspices,—to perform useful, if not great, services in a manner worthy of the approval of his old patrons, and to obtain that approval from persons of no less consequence than the two leading heroes of the Navy, Sir Sidney Smith and Lord Nelson.

The *Liberty*, brig, was stationed off the Channel Islands; and in March, 1796, fell in with Sidney Smith's frigate, the *Diamond*, just when that officer had made up his mind to attempt the capture of a French corvette sheltered within the little harbour of Herqui on the opposite French coast, and defended by formidable batteries. Sir Sidney, in describing the action, relates McKinley's conduct thus:—

'Lieutenant McKinley, of the *Liberty* brig, and Lieutenant Gossett, of the *Aristocrat* lugger, joined me off Cape Fréhel; and though not under my orders, very handsomely offered their services, which I accepted, as small vessels were essentially necessary in such an operation. . . . The *Diamond* had anchored as close to the corvette as her draught of water would allow. The *Liberty* was able to approach near; and on this occasion I cannot omit to mention the very gallant and judicious manner in which Lieutenant McKinley brought his vessel into action, profiting by her light draught of water to follow the corvette close. The enemy's fire soon slackened.'

The corvette was burnt, and the little squadron got off safe to sea again with only a small loss. (James's *Naval History* and Marshall's *Naval Biography*.)

During the next year the *Liberty* had a little adventure of its own, which her commander thus describes:—

'Chased into a bay east of Cherbourg two French luggers; and when in the act of coming to an anchor a two 24-pounder battery opened; wounded three men, one with the loss of a leg, and dismounted a gun. The Admiralty were pleased to approve of my endeavours.'

The long-desired promotion came in 1798: but even then it seems to have been due to the exertions of Mr. Stephens, Mrs. Leveson-Gower, and Mr. Addington, so difficult was it to step out of the rank of Lieutenant, even after a service all but continuous for upwards of sixteen years. The following letter of Lord Sidmouth's in 1817 refers, it may be supposed, to this promotion:—

'If I was so fortunate as to be of use to you at an early period of your life, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have rendered

a service to the public by contributing to the advancement of a worthy, brave, and intelligent officer. With every wish for your health and happiness,

‘I remain, Sir, your faithful and obedient Servant,

‘SIDMOUTH.’

The Otter fire-ship was the vessel of which M^cKinley was made Commander in May 1798, and early in the summer of 1799 she formed one of a large sea and land force sent against the Dutch, or rather against the French in Holland. Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Vice-Admiral Mitehell led the first detachments, which made good their landing at the Helder, and to which the several Dutch squadrons submitted at the first summons, the seamen being as much against the French occupation now as they had been for it when Duncan conquered at Camperdown in 1798. To facilitate the operations, the town of Enkhuysen, which stands at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee, was occupied and garrisoned by the marines of the fleet. M^cKinley was the officer selected to command the place. Here he had of course to re-establish the authority of the Stadtholder which the French had overthrown, and to destroy the symbol of French propagandism, the Tree of Liberty. The expedition did not however bear fruit in any proportion to its expense and to the expectation excited. The Duke of York brought reinforcements, and Lord Duncan took naval command; but the French General Brune, though more than once driven back, held his ground; the Russian auxiliaries were useless; and the English commanders were glad to get back again without any great disaster. The Captain of the Otter received Sir Andrew Mitchell’s approval of his conduct.

But the Otter was reserved for a more glorious campaign. In 1801 she formed one of the light squadron attached to Lord Nelson’s division at the Battle of Copenhagen. The light squadron had, we know, particularly heavy duties to perform that day, owing to the intricacies of the navigation and the ignorance of the English pilots, but the only details which have reached us are, (1) that the Otter grounded, like

so many other vessels, under fire of the batteries, and that while in this position her Captain's spy-glass was shot away close to his hand, and (2) that Lord Nelson received him in his cabin immediately after the battle, and appointed him to succeed Sir T. B. Thompson, who had lost his leg, as acting Captain of the *Bellona*. Thus he was certainly in the thick of the fight, and as certainly earned the special approval of the great Admiral, in whose general thanks to his squadron he was also included.

He was only Captain of the *Bellona* for a few days, being shifted to the *Ardent*, which he brought home soon afterwards, and paid off: but these commands failed to lift him out of Commander's rank. However he was appointed to the *Pegasus* in October, and took out the Preliminaries of Peace to the West Indies; and here he seems to have come in for a piece of luck; for on his arrival at Jamaica he finds a vacancy in the *Abergavenny*, into which, we are not told how, he at once steps. His Post Captain's Commission dates from October 20, 1801, the day after his arrival. Perhaps he carried out his Commission with him. He was now thirty-five, and had seen, one would think, service enough to deserve half a dozen Commissions. He remains nearly two years in the West Indies, shifting over to the *Ganges* and paying her off on July 15, 1803. Of this period we know nothing. Sir John Duckworth, a cordial friend, was the Admiral, Lobb and Baynton two of McKinley's fellow Captains. The three were in some way associated, and went by the names 'correct Lobb,' 'ingenious Baynton,' and 'generous McKinley.' Thus he pleasantly tided over the Peace of Amiens, and was in full employment when war began again.

His next appointment is only interesting in connection with a dreadful accident which happened to him. He became Flag-Captain to Admiral Vashon in the *Roebuck*, 44, in July 1803. The ship was stationed at Leith, and in superintending the exercise of the newly-raised men, 'a full powder-horn exploded and burnt me in so shocking a

manner as to make it for six weeks doubtful if I should not lose my sight.'

'Admiral (afterwards Sir Richard Rodney) Bligh,' says Harriot McKinley, 'took him on shore to his house, where he was most kindly nursed by Mrs. Bligh and her sister, Miss Golightly. While at Leith he received most kind attention from Sir Alexander Purves and his family, and also from Lord Hopetoun and Sir W. Hope-Johnstone.'

In June, 1805, he became Flag-Captain to Sir Billy Douglas in Yarmouth Roads, and early in 1806 he removed into the *Quebec*, a 32-gun frigate, in which he was employed cruising on the coast of Holland till his appointment in June, 1806, to the *Lively*, a 38-gun frigate.

This appointment brings us to the crisis of McKinley's fortunes. Here was exactly the man, the ship, and the occasion, meeting in happy combination. It was at the moment when the tyrant of Europe had raised himself above all law and all restraint, and was about to measure himself against the one only Power which dared to be independent. That Power had crushed his Navy at Trafalgar and defied his paper-blockade. It should now in its turn be crushed. The signal was given. Portugal was ordered to close her ports, the last yet open, to British commerce. The obstinate islanders should learn a final lesson.

But it was the Continent which really suffered, and in the Peninsula this policy was in reality the last straw that broke the camel's back. Spain was ready for revolt. The question presented itself to Mr. Canning:—Is this the opportunity for Great Britain? Is it not possible that even these down-trodden Spanish and Portuguese slaves may yet provide the standing-ground from which the giant strength of Napoleon may be assailed and sapped away? A spirited, active, experienced and yet enthusiastic officer was wanted at the moment, a fine quick-sailing frigate, a disciplined crew. McKinley and his *Lively* were exactly in place.

We first hear of him as senior officer at Lisbon, assisting and inspiring the English merchants whom Napoleon was

turning suddenly out of house and home, at the moment when the tramp of Junot's troops could almost be heard on the banks of the Tagus. For his conduct in bringing away the British factory and all the British merchant ships lying off the city he was presented with a handsome service of plate, and a still more gratifying letter from the persons concerned. He also carried home a number of fugitive English travellers as passengers on board his ship, and among them Lord and Lady Holland, Lord John Russell, Mr. Whitbread, etc. This was the commencement of an intimacy not only with the *côterie* of Holland House, but with other persons of distinction. He had indeed, at the close of the previous year, begun to form a friendship with a leading statesman, the Earl of Westmoreland, in consequence of having given a passage to Lisbon in his ship to Lady Westmoreland and her physician, Dr. Fellowes; and several letters from both husband and wife attest their gratitude and lasting friendship, a mark of which remains, happily familiar to us all at this day, in our 'Aunt West's' name, 'Westmoreland,' derived from her sponsors. As the Earl was Lord Privy Seal, his position enabled him to bring McKinley's experience of the feeling of the Portuguese people before the Cabinet; and the aristocratic apostles of liberty had no doubt been busy, during their passage in the *Lively*, fanning the flame which burnt in the Captain's breast. His ideas took shape in a memorandum to the Admiralty, 'which the Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Pole, told me was very satisfactory.' It was thought important enough to justify his being invited to dine with the members of the Cabinet, of which we find the following too brief notice in his Diary:—

'*December 10, 1807.*—Present at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Mulgrave's; met Lord Hawkesbury, Secretary of State [afterwards Prime Minister]; Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Privy Seal; Mr. Canning, Secretary of State [afterwards Prime Minister]; Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer [afterwards Prime Minister]; Mr. Chamberlain [afterwards Sir Henry Chamberlain, Chargé

d'Affaires at Rio Janeiro and Lisbon, where he died. He was an intimate friend of McKinley's, to whom he wrote several letters which are still extant]. This dinner was from [in consequence of] my information, and for my opinion relative to Portugal, having given in my ideas in writing.'

It may be remarked in reference to this 'Cabinet dinner' that it was very characteristic of the date at which it occurred. Canning had not long become Secretary of State, and was eagerly looking about for some more hopeful method of continuing the war than the old subsidiary armies and the wasteful joint expeditions. But there was no popular feeling as yet to support any such visionary plans as a few eager minds were beginning to meditate, and the privacy of a Cabinet dinner was a very natural expedient. The fresh intelligence of the naval officer should be balanced by the experience of the *Chargé d'Affaires*, and the governors of the British councils should have a secret opportunity of testing the value of the contributions of these men to the national stock of political ideas. It was a sort of birth of a national policy, a policy which raised and depressed many thrones and many peoples, and which may truly be said to have changed the face of the world. McKinley was present at that birth. Had he been a dull, faint-hearted, commonplace officer, he might at least have retarded the deliverance.

It would only be from private sources that such facts as these could be gathered. The Captain of a frigate does not figure in history in the transaction of such important events as the departure for the Brazils of the King and Queen of Portugal under British protection, when Junot's troops were actually reaching Lisbon. Sir Sidney Smith was the Admiral whose fleet performed that service; but in the commencement of 1808 the *Lively* carried out from England Admiral Otway, who was to supersede Sidney Smith, and she was employed all through that year in similar services along the coast of Portugal to those she had already performed at Lisbon. McKinley's first orders from the new Admiral were to take charge of the Naval Arsenal at Lisbon after the

evacuation of that city by the French under the Convention of Cintra. He then cruised off Oporto, and received the thanks of the merchants there for clearing the Douro of all the British shipping before the arrival of the French. But, as the next service of the *Lively* was of some slight historical importance, let us stop here, and note the testimony to her merits of a very competent judge. In 1810 General Cockburn was allowed to take a passage on board her, and in 1815 published an account of his travels. It is in the form of a journal:—

June 16, 1810.—I sailed from Portsmouth in the *Lively* frigate, commanded by Captain McKinley. It was an uncommonly fine vessel, rated at 38, but carrying 48 guns. The inner cabin was fitted up as a library and furnished with some good books, which, with pleasant society, made the passage very comfortable. We had with us a convoy of fifty-two sail and a man-of-war brig.

July 23.—The high state of discipline and the excellent arrangements in the Navy, though always superior to that of our neighbours, have certainly been much improved during this long war. The Admiralty, as well as the naval officers, deserve all possible praise for the perfection to which the British navy has arrived. The entire system, the cleanliness and consequent health, the excellent provisions issued, and the regularity in every department, besides every attention to the comforts of the seamen, is such that I am surprised we ever want a man. . . . Though the *Lively* may have some advantages, from the circumstance of her Captain being a worthy and humane man as well as an excellent officer, still I know many of our ships have the same. . . . We keep very early hours; rise at 6.30; breakfast exactly at 8; dine at 4; have some wine and water at 9.30; and retire to bed at 10 or soon after. . . . We have not a chaplain on board; but prayers are read on Sundays, and the people appear attentive. Many may think a voyage a sort of imprisonment, and that time must pass very heavily, but with the conveniences, amusements, and society on board a well-regulated man-of-war, this is not the case. After breakfast a walk for an hour on deck gave fresh air and exercise, after which I generally occupied a great part of the morning in reading. The younger officers often exercise with the skipping-rope, a number going in it at a time. The men are allowed to swim in calm weather; at other

times they dance, and all appear merry and happy. A variety of incidental circumstances occur—meeting ships; taking turtle, as they float in the water; exercising the men at the guns and in rowing. In the cabin every evening we had chess or agreeable conversation. Thus four weeks passed rapidly away.’ (Cockburn’s *Travels*, vol. i. p. 29.)

This extract would of itself suggest the sort of reputation Mc Kinley must have acquired as an agreeable and superior kind of officer, with whom people like the Duke of Clarence, Lord Holland, and Lord Berkeley liked to send their sons. Young Charles Fox goes to sea under his auspices, and is the subject of many an epistle. Both Lord and Lady Holland, his parents, treat Mc Kinley with entire confidence, as if he was one of their own set, which I suppose he was. The boy is delicate, is to be restrained from ‘indulgences,’ and has, says his father, ‘very little self-control.’ Lady Holland characteristically commissions the Captain to bring home for her seeds for her kitchen garden, Maltese gold chains, and harp-strings. Of course Mr. John Allen, the famous author, and tame spaniel at Holland House, appears in this group. It is he who sends Mc Kinley the cargo of Spanish pamphlets which the *Lively* is to distribute along the coast of Spain, and sundry political speculations which are not now of much value. The Whig worship of Napoleon was already on the wane.

The work of the *Lively* was to be of some more definite consequence than the distribution of political pamphlets. Her Captain thus officially describes it:—

‘When in command of the *Lively*, cruising off the coast of Galicia and Oporto in February 1809, received a letter from the Governor of Villa Garcia informing me that the peasantry had risen against the French, and earnestly soliciting I would supply them with arms and ammunition; directly complied with; as also to several places, and to Vigo which, in conjunction with Don Pablo Murillo, was captured, and a lieutenant-colonel of the French army, 1300 prisoners, 447 horses, the military stores, and 117,163 francs in French specie, which was delivered to Don Pablo Murillo on the 29th March. In May, learning that Marshal Ney was proceeding

towards Vigo, I thought it necessary to destroy the bridge of San Payo, which prevented the French from crossing the river to attack the Conde de Noronha's forces; and he was thus enabled to save Vigo from being retaken. My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty were pleased to "highly approve" of my conduct; and my Despatch on the Capture of Vigo was inserted in a Gazette Extraordinary.'

This was a very important and a dangerous service. The latter was proved by the Captain's hat being shot through by one of the French field-pieces while he was passing a battery in his barge,—as narrow an escape as the loss of his spy-glass at Copenhagen. It is remarkable that though he had been so often (22 times I believe) under fire, he was never wounded, a circumstance which, like a good Christian, he attributed to Providential interference, or as he used to express it, 'Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.' Some account of this service is to be found both in Southey's and Napier's 'Histories of the Peninsular War.' The rising of the Galician people was largely facilitated by the capture of such a place as Vigo, but the French garrison would certainly not have evacuated it but for the timely appearance of the *Lively*; and the terms of the capitulation were not only due to McKinley, but have been much praised; while the service performed in May was even more useful, for it procured the defeat of Ney, whom Soult had dispatched to retake the place. There was no authority on the spot at the moment to take the decisive step of blowing up the bridge, but when McKinley had done it, the Spanish Commander was immediately placed at such an advantage over the advancing troops, who were far from expecting so bold a stroke from the raw and despised militia, that they could hardly help driving back the enemy. The battle of Corunna had been fought on January 16, and the Galicians had seen the departure of the British with dismay. The occupation of their chief stronghold by the French was now however terminated, and the effect of the double deliverance was considerable. It is to this affair that Lord Lovaine alludes in the following letter:—

‘37, Grosvenor Place, *May 17, 1809.*

‘DEAR CAPTAIN MCKINLEY,

‘Though perhaps your philosophy may take alarm at being congratulated upon Conventions [alluding to the unpopular Convention of Cintra], yet I cannot help risking mine in your opinion by wishing you many opportunities of concluding Capitulations. The style and manner in which you draw up Articles are well deserving the attention and imitation of officers both naval and military, though you have struck out a new line. It would give me great pleasure if I could hope that your cruise had been as productive of prizes as of honour, but that I fear is quite out of the question nowadays. Joscelyn arrived here about three weeks ago [this must be Admiral the Hon. Joscelyn Percy, in whose flag-ship I served on the Cape Station in 1843], and is making the best of his time whilst the *Nymph* is repairing in enjoying the amusements of London. If you should be in a similar situation at any time, I hope you will not deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you, and resuming our philosophical disquisitions. . . .

‘Most faithfully yours,

‘LOVAINE.’

Lord Westmoreland’s letter is of more importance :—

‘London, *April 11, 1809.*

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I have to thank you, etc. . . . Your accounts of the state of Spain are very interesting, as well as of the situation of the French army. . . . I had written the other side when I met with Lord Mulgrave, who informed me of your conduct at Vigo, with which he was much delighted, as must be every one of your friends. I beg sincerely to congratulate you on being so prominent in so very beneficial a service. I hope with your assistance the French will *heartily repent* their Galician expedition.’

The *Lively* was constantly going backwards and forwards between England and the Peninsula. In July, 1809, she convoyed home a fleet of merchant ships from Lisbon : and after lying in the Downs for some time as flag-ship to Admiral Sir George Campbell, refitted at Portsmouth, much to the delight, we may believe, of the anxious wife and infant children at Gosport. When they parted from him in April, 1810, carrying

the flag of Sir Charles Cotton to Cadiz to relieve Lord Collingwood, the Captain must have seemed at a very high pitch of nautical happiness, approved and admired by statesmen and noble friends, with a fine frigate in perfect order, and hoping yet to distinguish himself still further. Who would imagine that he was about to receive the severest blow to which an officer is liable, to undergo the heavy calamity of an absolute shipwreck on a spot where no ship in the world ought to find herself, unless indeed, like St. Paul's vessel, she was foundering in a heavy gale? It was in the very bay where that ship was wrecked that the *Lively* left her bones. We shall see however that it was from no fault of her Captain. Nevertheless it was the turning-point of his fortunes. Seldom does any Captain wholly recover from the loss of his ship. He had yet much valuable work to do, but it was ordered, no doubt wisely, that others should now pass him in the race to the head of his profession, and he miss the titles and distinctions which carry honour in the eyes of the public.

Before we describe the shipwreck the following letters ought to be noticed, as the two youths here mentioned sailed from England in the *Lively* on this occasion. The two first are from the Captain's old friend, the Duke of Clarence, whose son Henry Fitzclarence had already been some time at sea.

‘Bushey House, Saturday night.

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I am to acknowledge yours from Portsmouth yesterday, informing me that my son Henry has the good fortune to proceed out in the *Lively* to join the *Warspite*. I feel very highly gratified my young sailor will be under your command, and very happy am I indeed that you will take charge of him till he reaches Captain Blackwood. Henry having attested copies of all his certificates ought to be able to furnish you with every necessary information relative to his time of service and of discharge from the *Puissant*. My best wishes attend my son for his health and welfare, and I ever remain,

‘Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

‘WILLIAM.’

The young midshipman left the *Lively* at Gibraltar to join his ship, on leaving which the Duke wrote as follows:—

‘Bushey House, *August 19, 1810.*

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I am to acknowledge yours of the 15th July from Gibraltar, and approve of course of Henry having gone up in the *Philomel* to join Captain Blackwood, who expected my son: at the same time I should have remained equally satisfied if he had remained on board the *Lively* till you had yourself placed him on board the *Warspite*. I rejoice to find Henry conducted himself to your satisfaction under your command, and permit me to return you my sincere thanks for your attention and kindness to him while on board the *Lively*.

‘I ever remain, dear Sir, yours unalterably,

‘WILLIAM.’

Lord Berkeley’s letter need not be given in full, but as his son Augustus was the cause of the shipwreck, the following expression is suggestive. Lord Berkeley begs the Captain not to treat his son differently from other officers; for he had heard a friend say that ‘he had met him and his —— large dog.’ The youth was only twenty-one, and this looks as if the father had reason to suspect him to be in want of discipline. His eldest brother Maurice, created in recent times Lord Fitzhardinge, turned out a good officer, and I remember him well as Captain of the *Thunderer* in the Syrian War. Whether M^cKinley showed a thorough discrimination in trusting this youth at night close off the coast of Malta, even with the Master to take care of him, may be open to question; but as we shall see that the Court-martial threw the entire blame upon these officers and wholly exonerated the Captain, no one has a right to say so. Lady Berkeley’s letter, written after that event, is also extant. Lord Berkeley had died soon after he wrote the above letter, and she writes heart-broken at the loss of her husband and at the catastrophe in which her son was involved. The youth wisely left the Naval Service, and went into the army, dying, in old age, only the other day.

But it is time we described the catastrophe. Fortunately we have a very good account of it from the General Coekburn whose Journal has been already quoted. Admiral Boyles was also a passenger to Malta, where he was to assume command, and, as we have seen, a large number of merchant-ships were under the Lively's convoy. On July 9th the General notes:—

‘At 2 p.m. came in sight of Gozo. At 4 I could see the houses in Gozo with my glass. At 9, wind perfectly fair and a good breeze; we shall be in Valetta early to-morrow. Friday, the 10th. What uncertainty in this world! A few hours ago we had every prospect of being safely in harbour at Malta by daylight; but contrary to every probability, or almost possibility, we were shipwrecked this morning, or rather in the night between the 9th and 10th. It happened in St. Paul's Bay, Malta, where that Saint is said to have been shipwrecked.

‘There cannot be a more attentive or zealous officer than Captain McKinley. I can bear testimony to his continual anxiety, watchfulness, and exertions, night and day, during our voyage. One would almost believe in fatality, from every circumstance attending our misfortune. After sunset a breeze carried us on at a good rate. At 10 I was on deck, all going on well. Soon after I went to bed. I slept in the same cabin with the Captain; the Admiral in the inner one. There never appeared less occasion for the personal superintendence of a commander than at 10 o'clock last night. Captain McKinley went to his cot at 11, having ordered the Master to keep the deck, in addition to the Lieutenant of the watch, after we got sight of land; and it was the standing order of the ship to report to him at night, and to call him whenever anything in the least degree extraordinary happened. That order was particularly repeated last night. I understand—for at this time I was asleep—he got up at 12 and went on deck, as they reported the wind to freshen, and after consulting the Admiral, took in sail, and made that signal to the convoy, and to stand on under easy sail. Everything appeared so favourable that he came down again. Soon afterwards the moon set, and it became very dark; the current was strong, and the ship was drawn near to land.

‘Whether the Lieutenant of the watch and the Master were deceived by a light in a small fort, on the height above Paul's Bay, mistaking it for Valetta lighthouse, or, drifting near land and by

the *then* bad light taking Paul's Bay for the entrance to Valetta, I cannot say; I have since heard both. Be this as it may, they stood into St. Paul's Bay without even reporting to the Captain, and soon after, finding themselves wrong, instead of calling him they wished to get out of the scrape, as it was called, and began by bringing the ship to with her *head to the land*. They had scarcely done so when the forecastle men cried out rocks and breakers; and they then too late let the ship under weigh [meaning, I suppose, let her head fall off], and attempted to wear. A noise and confusion ensued on deck; McKinley instantly ran up on hearing it, but the spanker-boom bent to the land [took the wrong way], the ship missed stays [this looks as if the helm had been put down again; it is a landsman's account, and the detail is of little consequence], and ran on the banks of Kaura (or Coura) Point at exactly 2 a.m. At this time it did not blow hard, neither was there much sea, and at first there was no great shock. Never shall I forget my astonishment when I found what had happened. I could scarcely believe it; . . . the beating of the ship soon convinced me. . . . I dressed and went on deck: it was a sad scene, . . . but bad as things were, knowing the Captain's activity and the exertions making, I had hopes the ship might yet be got off. All hands were now hard at work. They attempted to get out an anchor to haul on and heave her off by, but the boats were not large enough to carry the anchor. . . . In this situation, firing guns of distress and showing blue lights, making every possible exertion to get the ship off, we remained two hours, till daylight, not exactly knowing where we were. When the sun rose it began to blow, and we found we were nine miles from Valetta. At this time I went on deck again. McKinley harangued the crew; we gave him three cheers, and such efforts were made by everybody that I thought we should conquer even the powerful sea. Daylight convinced us that our exertions would be fruitless, and that the safety of our lives would soon be the chief object of attention.

'At daylight we all went on deck, and it was proposed to throw the forecastle guns overboard. . . . The Admiral advised the masts to be cut away. Lieutenant Furber objected to this; but as the wind and sea increased, and the ship continued to beat exceedingly, they were cut away in a quarter of an hour afterwards. The foremast fell nearly on the rocks, and afforded a passage by which the people could escape. All the masts fortunately fell also

to the leeward side, and helped to keep the ship so inclined, for had she rolled to starboard, she must have gone down in forty fathoms water, and all who were not on deck, or who were not good swimmers, would have perished. When it was found impossible to save the ship, and that all efforts were hopeless, the people were desired to save themselves. Great numbers then went over the foremast, taking such light articles as they could carry; immediately after which some confusion and insubordination followed with part of the crew, but full half remained sober and obedient. I remained on board full two hours after daylight; McKinley, his officers, and most of the people—though now a hopeless case—still making every exertion to get the ship afloat. . . . It began to blow most violently. Captain McKinley came up to me and advised me to go on shore; . . . he cleared the way and assisted me to get on the mast, for the motion was so great, occasioned by the rolling of the ship, that the mast rose and fell in a see-saw manner ten feet at least, and its motion and friction with the ship's side was so great that the wood took fire, and a man was stationed with a bucket to throw water over it. . . . About noon McKinley left the ship and came to the fort in the utmost distress. The sea now beat entirely over the vessel. I cannot describe what I felt as I contemplated this melancholy scene: the fine frigate a mere wreck; the sea breaking over the hull; the distress of the worthy commander, though no possible blame can be laid to him; the prospects of a good set of officers—for such the majority certainly were—blasted; many having lost all or most of their effects. Captain McKinley saved his pair of globes, chronometer, and some small articles. He was liked, and his servants and a gang of seamen did all they could to save his effects; for as to himself I can positively state he never thought about them, all his attention being given to the ship. I lost the greatest part of my baggage.

‘14th.—This morning the Admiral and I set off [from Valetta] in a calash for St. Paul's Bay to visit the wreck. We found poor McKinley in great affliction for the loss of his ship. The officers and crew are living in tents made out of the sails, and in the fort. . . . Lieutenant B. [Berkeley] and the Master of the Lively were sent on board the Trident in arrest.

‘23rd.—I went out early this morning to Kaura Point. The hull of the Lively still keeps together; she must have been wonder-

fully built to stand such thumping so long on such a sharp ridge of rock. The weather is now moderate, and great exertions are making to get out her guns and heavy stores. I went on board. What a contrast to her proud appearance a few weeks ago ! Now all devastation and half full of water, which being bilged, has turned everything black, and stinks so much that they can hardly work. Lieutenant Lechmere was, as usual, active, and doing all in his power. How much in this world depends on the slightest chance ! If Lechmere had fortunately had the watch at the time of the accident I think the *Lively* would have been now at Messina.'

On November 27 the Court-martial took place. It is impossible that any Captain could be more entirely absolved from blame. The above sensible remarks of General Cockburn's were entirely borne out by evidence, and the Captain's unremitting endeavours to get the *Lively* afloat during a period of eight weeks were duly noticed by the Court. Lieutenant Berkeley was censured for not acquainting him when the ship was discovered to be in danger ; and Mr. Richards, the Master, was dismissed from that station, and sentenced to serve for two years in an inferior capacity for having brought the frigate to with her head inshore. The best proof that the naval authorities considered the accident a misfortune rather than a fault of the Captain's is that he was very shortly afterwards appointed to the *San Josef*, a first-rate, as Flag-Captain to his old chief, Sir Charles Cotton, one of the best officers in the service, with whom he served in the Mediterranean and Channel Fleet till Cotton's death in February, 1812.

One or two letters on the loss of the *Lively* will complete our view of this period of McKinley's life.

Admiral Boyles wrote from Valetta on September 19, 1810, as follows :—

'DEAR MCKINLEY,

'This morning your letter, reports, &c. came to me by the cutter ; and last night Mr. Chase called on me, and stated the proceedings of the day, which I am sorry to find did not finally

succeed ; but it was so very near that the next attempt would most certainly be crowned with success. That it may be so is my most ardent wish, for I think both yourself, officers, and men must be almost worn out. I never in my life heard of such exemplary good conduct. Should all your exertions fail in the attempt of saving the hull of the *Lively*, I can with infinite satisfaction declare that greater efforts, more perseverance, and labour were never shown to save a ship ; which must redound to all your honours, but to your men it will for ever remain a lasting example of the highest good conduct I ever heard of amongst sailors. In my opinion they have gained the greatest honour.

‘ Yours very truly,

‘ CHARLES BOYLES.’

Lord Holland writes as follows :—

‘ Pall Mall, *Jan. 17, 1811.*

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ You did me justice in supposing that I felt great anxiety and interest about you in hearing of the loss of the *Lively*. I thank you therefore for the minutes of the Court-martial, which, however satisfactory—and they cannot be more so—were not necessary to convince me of your zealous and unremitting attention to your duty. I sincerely hope you may soon get as good a ship, and a better Lieutenant and Master. . . .

‘ Since writing the above, Lord Grey has been with me ; and as he is so much occupied with business, he begs me to apologise for not answering your letter in his own hand, and to assure you that he never had any doubt—and the Court-martial would be more than sufficient to remove any if it had existed—that the loss of the *Lively* was the misfortune, and in no way the fault, of the Captain. It has not therefore in any way lessened the high opinion of your professional zeal and talents which induced him to name you for that ship, and which your subsequent conduct has so fully justified. I believe this is the opinion of all who know you, and must be that of all who have examined the subject.’

And again, dating from

‘ Holland House, *April 24.*

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ Most sincerely do I wish you joy of your appointment to Sir Charles Cotton’s ship, and am not surprised that, having wit-

nessed your merit and your disappointment, he should be anxious to reward the first and retrieve the last on the very first opportunity that occurred.'

While at Malta waiting for the Court-martial, the Captain's Journal records what is specially interesting to the writer of this memoir. McKinley is constantly dining with the officers of the Malta garrison, and no name occurs more frequently among those officers than that of 'Colonel Burrows, commanding the Fourteenth Regiment.' It was here the friendship commenced of which the termination has been already noticed. It is gratifying to think that our father was foremost among those who did what they could to soothe the distress of the Captain of the *Lively*. It should be mentioned in conclusion that the pressure of this misfortune told with such force on McKinley's health that he was seriously ill for some months after the Court-martial was over.

In connection with the period of service under Sir Charles Cotton, the only thing requiring notice is that McKinley took a passage out to join his Admiral in a ship which was 'under the orders of Sir Edward Pellew,' afterwards Lord Exmouth, the traces of which are visible in the following note from that fine Admiral:—

'November, 1811.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'Many thanks for your kindness in sparing your glass. Toulmi will pay your agent for a new one if you send him word, or this chit.

'God bless you,

'E. P.'

A little before leaving England on this occasion the following curious entry occurs in the Diary:—

'Sept. 30, 1811.

'Dined at the Guildhall, Plymouth, with Dr. Bellamy, the mayor elect. He was not sworn in. A great opposition against him from his not having taken the Sacrament within the year. Had a very good dinner, and two hundred persons present.'

Lord Keith succeeded Cotton in command of the Mediterranean fleet, and brought his own Flag-Captain, thus superseding McKinley; but he was immediately afterwards appointed to the *Bellona*, 74, one of the North Sea fleet, under the orders of Admiral Sir William Young. After cruising off the Scheldt he was ordered to meet a convoy from St. Helena; and then sent with the *Theseus* to assist at the siege of St. Sebastian, which however had surrendered on the day of their arrival. Readers of Napier's 'Peninsular War' will remember the bitterness with which the absence of a naval force to assist in that arduous siege is mentioned by the author. After blockading Cherbourg the *Bellona* was paid off in February, 1814, and immediately broken up. Nothing but her planking held together her rotten timbers.

In January, 1815, Captain McKinley became a Flag-Captain once more, and for the last time, to Sir Charles Rowley (mentioned in p. 74), first in the *Namur*, and then in the *Bulwark* in the river Medway. While on this service he received the following letters from the Duke of Kent, which have no special interest, except that the father of Queen Victoria is a personage so little known that anything which marks his character may be worth inserting:—

‘ Kensington Palace, *Feb.* 19, 1815.

‘ The Duke of Kent presents his best regards to Captain McKinley, and although he has not the good fortune of being personally acquainted with him, hopes he may take the liberty of soliciting his protection in behalf of a *protégé* of his, a deserving young man of the name of Hopkins, at present serving as master's mate on board of the *Challenger*, gunbrig, whom he is solicitous of having transferred to the *Namur*, first with a view of enabling him to pass his examination on the first Wednesday in March under Captain McKinley's immediate countenance, and secondly, that he may be at hand in case he should be included in the extensive promotion of young men of his class which it is supposed will take place whenever the Peace with the United States is confirmed. Should Captain McKinley have the goodness in consequence of this application to take young Hopkins under his

wing, the Duke of Kent begs to assure him that he shall consider it a personal obligation conferred upon himself.'

A second letter from the Duke return his thanks for McKinley's patronage of young Hopkins. It may be remarked that the Duke writes a particularly neat hand.

Here ends the active service of our 'uncle Mac.' But he was not relegated to retirement, as so many officers necessarily were at the close of the war. In November, 1817, he was appointed a Captain of Greenwich Hospital, an office of some distinction, and in 1821 became Superintendent of the Royal Naval Asylum, when it was resolved to incorporate that institution with Greenwich Hospital. This was for some time a very arduous task in consequence of the opposition of many concerned in the transference, and the riotous conduct of the connections of the children.

'My father,' says Harriot McKinley, 'was quite mobbed by them when the children were restrained from going to Greenwich Fair, which was thought unadvisable for them. Five hundred of them at once, instigated by their friends, jumped over the sunk wall which separated the building from the Park. Alarmed at this, some of the officials were for giving way; but my father counselled firmness; and in course of time, feeling the improvements that were made in their management, both the boys and their friends acknowledged the benefit, and were brought not only into high order and discipline, but to such a principle of honour that even under the strong temptations of Fair-time, and although within reach of the oranges, &c. which were so bountifully thrown over to them, none of them transgressed, but kept within their bounds. As another instance of their love and respect for their Captain, when one of his daughters was ill, they of their own accord placed sentinels from among themselves to keep the rest from disturbing her by playing too close to her window. The state of the establishment was much admired by the numerous visitors who came from London and other places to see it. My father was indefatigable in his exertions to raise it to the highest pitch of excellence both in the order of its management, the good spirit of his subordinates, and the energy and good feeling of the boys. He used to be among them from 5 A.M. till after they were in

their hammocks, with his thermometer to see that their dormitories were [at a 'proper temperature'], to look to the ventilation, and that everything was in proper order. There were at this time one thousand children in the school,—the two hundred boys in the Hospital School being made an upper, mathematical, school, the remainder consisting of the six hundred boys and two hundred girls of the original Asylum School.'

This interesting account of her father's services in organising these schools is by no means exaggerated by his daughter, who was quite old enough to form a correct judgment at the time. It excited much attention, and may be considered the parent of all the training ships and, one might almost say, of the superior schools for the lower classes in England. It must be remembered that it was antecedent to the work done at Rugby for the upper class Public School system by Dr. Arnold, and is a good instance of what a naval officer of high tone and large experience can do by way of an original organisation.

The official notices of the work are as follows :—

The General Court and Directors of Greenwich Hospital repeatedly expressed their high approval. The Duke of Clarence, as Lord High Admiral, visited the School in 1827, publicly expressed his admiration of the arrangements, and added £100 a year to the Captain's salary; and when he became king 'was pleased to notice in high terms my general conduct.' Lastly, when McKinley accepted his flag in 1830, Admiral Sir Richard Keats, Lieutenant Governor of Greenwich Hospital, wrote him the following letter :—

'Brighton, Oct. 17, 1830.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'I acknowledge with divided feelings of gratification and concern your kind letter of the 15th, and sincerely congratulate you upon your promotion to that rank and honour to which your long services and merits have given you so just a claim, and for which it appears you have not hesitated to forego personal considerations. May those feelings and principles meet their reward, and may your Flag be productive of all the gratifications your heart can desire. I assure you, my dear Sir, I am far too sensible of the

value of your services in the situation you have filled with so much credit to yourself and advantage to the Institution not very sincerely to regret their loss, and it is a source of pleasure to me to know that you feel I supported by my authority your arduous and important duties at the Asylum,' &c. &c.

The allusion in this letter is to the difficulty he had in making up his mind to leave the Asylum, but he felt his age advancing on him, and decided to take his Flag. His name was soon after sent up, along with that of Sir Jahleel Brenton, for the Lieutenant Governorship of Greenwich Hospital, which however the latter accepted. It was our hero's last chance. Had that office come to him he would have 'hoisted' his Flag. He did not obtain his medal with two clasps (for Herqui and Copenhagen) till 1848, nor the Good Service Pension till 1851. He died in 1852. It cannot be said that the country paid very dear for such services as have been here narrated. The last twenty-two years of his honoured life he spent at No. 12, Anglesey Crescent, being one of the first to occupy those houses, and to patronise the Floating Bridge across Portsmouth Harbour, in which he took shares which became valuable.

The only points in his domestic life which require notice in this place are the marriages of his two daughters, Mary Ann and Westmoreland, to the Rev. William Keatinge Clay, and Captain Larcom, R. N., respectively. A notice of the latter will appear in the Appendix; his widow, Mrs. Larcom, happily still survives, an amiable and affectionate aunt, to be the chief link between the two families.

Mr. Clay was a learned and much respected Cambridge man, the author of a well-known work on the Prayer-book, Minor Canon and Librarian of Ely, and Vicar of Waterbeach in that diocese. Of his seven children only three survive, the eldest of whom, George Hollis, exhibits his father's talent for ecclesiastical authorship, William is in the Indian Civil Service, and to Edward I am indebted for some portion of my materials, as already stated. Their mother, a bright affectionate person, only recently died at Anglesey.

Harriot McKinsley sums up the brief memoir of which I have made some use in these pages by the true remark that in consequence of her father's

‘genial and Christian-like character throughout his whole course, he was the life of society; and that he gained the warm affection of his family and the strong attachment of friends, together with the regard of his superiors in station, and the grateful respect of those whom he trained, and those to whom he had given assistance or advice.’

On this last point it may be well to transcribe a paper which is a rough, uncorrected draft of an inscription he wrote in a Prayer-book :—

‘From Captain McKinley to his godson G. V. Nash ; a Prayer-book ; which if he carefully attends to will give him consolation in adversity (which I pray God avert), and teach him to put his trust in the Almighty; and, in his prosperity, to use it with moderation and unfeigned thanks to Providence. The Testaments, by carefully and attentively reading them, will teach him to conduct himself with humility, benevolence, and kindness, and with love and duty to his parents for the obligation he owes them for their care, anxiety, and affection; to his brothers and sisters, the desire of supporting and succouring them in sickness and adversity, and to enjoy with them the blessings of prosperity and content. They will also teach him to be neat, cleanly, and attentive to his person, to behave with gentle and soothing manners to all those to whom Providence has not been so bountiful as to himself; to those whom Providence has placed in a superior station of life, with respect and becoming diffidence; to his equals with ease and modesty; and to all with candour, generosity, and liberality. And they will also banish any impression of envy or fretfulness.’

There is no date to this paper, but its quaint, old-fashioned style has a special interest of its own, besides throwing light on the fine character of the man. I questioned Harriot McKinley on this subject, and here are her views of the position he held :—

‘We were trained up in, and followed, the religion of our immediate ancestors, the Sundays always cheerful and duly observed—in a thorough distaste of Low Church, as it was called, and of any

tendency towards Dissent, or what was afterwards called the Evangelical Party; and in a horror of the Ritualistic, or any approach to the slavery or infidelity of the Romish or Greek Churches. It was one great anxiety of my father's Greenwich Asylum life to counteract the mischief of our first Chaplain there, in which he was aided by the advice and assistance of Mr. Mathew, then Vicar of Greenwich, and of Dr. Legge, Bishop of Oxford, who was his constant and active friend. As an instance of his kindness I may mention that once when my father had accidentally left two cards upon him together, the Bishop came to him the next morning before breakfast, thinking my father had some cause for wishing to see him particularly. Whenever my father was in command of any ship without a chaplain, he always read the Church Service to his ship's company every Sunday. Both uncle Hollis and he took care to be provided with Bibles and Psalters for their men from the Societies. In a visit to his old friend Browell he was first drawn to a wish for retirement to Greenwich Hospital by the performance of the Church Service on Sunday there and the respect shown for the whole day. And afterwards, when living there, although so many friends flocked to us every Sunday from London to dinner, yet after the 9 o'clock coach took them back, and the swarm of Cadets [from Woolwich Academy] had departed, our evenings were always finished by reading a sermon, with sacred music. Such also was the custom of our old friends there. Nothing ever prevented the attendance at the Hospital Chapel, and afterwards at the Asylum, both morning and afternoon, as soon as the church bell rang.'

These affectionate recollections came appropriately from the daughter to whom, when a girl at school, her father wrote a letter from which I extract, by way of conclusion, a few passages. It is dated from the San Josef, Hamoaze, 27th August, 1811; and after some sensible remarks on the value of learning drawing, dancing, and music, some warnings against affectation and assumption, and a recommendation to cultivate neatness and modesty of dress, he goes on to say of these latter:—

'These are qualifications that will ever gain admiration, as they teach us not to seek admirers, but to be sought after. How many—particularly of the female sex—lose every enjoyment of life by

studying to gain admiration ! Above all things, my dear daughter, avoid talking of your neighbours and acquaintances. If you observe foibles and blemishes do not expose them ; a knowledge of them is [useful] only to guard yourself against them ; no one is exempt, and no one but has good qualities to lessen their bad ones. I cannot express, nor can any author that has written or may write on the performance of our moral duties, the qualifications of the mind as you will learn them from the doctrines of our blessed Saviour. By reading the New Testament, and reading it not only as a religious book, but as an instructive one for our general conduct, it cannot fail to make the most happy impression on your mind. Never encourage any person to tell you tales. I not only write to you as a father but as a friend ; and I fervently hope that you ever will look on me in both capacities. My friendship must be the most disinterested, and such as you cannot possibly possess from any other man. I have seen much of the world, and have a knowledge therefrom of the motives and interests of those you may hereafter be acquainted with.'

And here, it may be remarked in connection with the career of this gallant and excellent man, that his daily life and conduct in old age fully exemplified the pattern which he held up to his children and dependents. We can all remember his reverential demeanour in church. To the Rector, Mr. Barnard, he was a sort of right-hand man, and made a point of regularly dropping into the vestry after service. Mr. Barnard was of the same old-fashioned school, and no doubt there was room for many improvements ; but the Admiral had such a horror of innovations that it interfered much with the cordiality with which he received the ministrations of Samuel Wilberforce, Mr. Barnard's successor. He did not know how far these innovations might go, and was too old to form a decided judgment as to what were improvements within the lines of the Church, and what were concessions to the spirit which has produced our modern Ritualism.

We have observed this consistent and practical religious spirit all through a long life. Though it may be traced to a period antecedent to his marriage, it was probably strengthened by his connection with the Hollis family, which had

many religious elements in it. Mary Hollis, the unmarried sister of Mrs. Larcom and Mrs. McKinley, was a decidedly religious person, and so was a younger brother, William, who was to have followed his father's business, but died as a young man. Mary was especially useful to all the McKinley family, making a home for them while the Captain was at sea, or at home only for short intervals.

It is pleasant to think of this strong religious element coming down in a family to modern times, through what is supposed to be a dead century, the eighteenth, and taking up ever fresh generations, as it has, with such modifications as changes of opinion and lapse of time have occasioned. Ann Larcom, our grandmother, had a full share of it. She was an unaffectedly religious person, and brought up all her family in religious habits. Harriet Larcom recollects her, when she was herself a child at Malta, saying her prayers rather audibly, and mentioning all her children by name. Her husband, the Commissioner, was a correct, moral, and probably also a religious man,—certainly a pattern of every virtue. Yet, curiously enough, family prayers, which have been for so many years the rule in every decently regulated household, were not the custom of the Larcom family in their old Malta days. They all aimed before all things at a practical religion:—*Laborare est orare*. They were probably thrown back from a more demonstrative form of it by the Wesleyan Methodism which had been operating all through the middle of the last century, and which, while it produced a large increase of vitality in the Church, offended those who could not tolerate the inevitable unreality which accompanied the new system. The Navy had its Gambiers, Brentons, and Willoughbys, and many another of the Evangelical School, who were brave and distinguished men, but there were also a large proportion of officers, of whom our family heroes were a fair sample, sober-minded and sensible men, who could not bear extravagances, and who aimed at securing an equally good, or better, life and conduct under the ancient system of the Church, as represented by the Prayer-book and the Bible,

the Daily Psalms and Lessons, and the fixed idea of Duty, to be pursued in the fear and love of God. Who shall say that they are to be despised?

In these remarks I have had in my eye others of the four officers as well as McKinley: the following verses—I know not by whom written—were a tribute to his special memory, and I do not think they are at all too flattering:—

VERSES ON ADMIRAL MCKINLEY. *Jan.* 28, 1852.

If genuine worth could stop the hand of death,
Or useful life recall the flitting breath,
McKinley would have lived: but still his name
Adorns the records of Britannia's fame:
In many a well-fought day he bore his part,—
His was the Hero's and the Christian's heart,
A heart of fire, when duty nerved his arm,
In gentler scenes with Christian feeling warm.
Brave, open, generous, through all his span
He felt his kindred with his fellow man.
Kind Heaven assigned a large extent of days,—
A patriarch's life and all a patriarch's praise.
He laboured to maintain a conscience pure
Towards God and man, and the great prize secure:
Grace has entwined a chaplet for his brow,
Through which he reigns more than a conqueror now.

APPENDIX.

THE memoir of the four members of the brotherhood may well conclude with a few words on the only males of the next generation that reached maturity, Joseph and Thomas Larcom. Admiral McKinley had one son George, who grew up, but was of weak intellect, and died when a very young man.

JOSEPH PAFFARD DICKSON LARCOM.

Our 'Uncle Joe' was naturally destined for the sea, being born, as we have seen, at the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War in 1795, and with a very fair amount of patronage to push him along. His father and uncles had many friends, and a bright career seemed to open upon him. He entered the Royal Naval College in 1808, served under many excellent officers, Sir Charles Cotton, Francis Beaufort, Charles Napier, Lord Exmouth, Sir Charles Penrose, etc., and was present at some boat actions in the *Euryalus* under Napier, of more or less severity, before the close of the war. He became Lieutenant in 1814; but here his good fortune terminated. The dead times of the Peace, with such a multitude of superfluous officers to be got rid of, fell heavily on him. He was fifteen years a Lieutenant, many of them First Lieutenant, an office which he filled with more than ordinary reputation, in several fine frigates, *Athol*, *Aurora*, and *Mersey*. This long delay was a great grief to his friends, who saw the most valuable years of the prop of the family consumed in West India service in the lower ranks of the profession. It was only by his mother's perseverance and courage in pushing his father's claims that he obtained promotion at last in 1829. After commanding the *Harpy*, 10-gun brig, in the West Indies, he lived at Gosport, taking the kindest care of the family for many years, and fruitlessly seeking employment. When at last, in 1841, he obtained his wish, and was appointed to the *Scout*, a 16-gun sloop in the Mediterranean, he had the misfortune, like his uncle McKinley, to run his ship on shore. This occurred off Larnaka,

on the coast of Cyprus. Unlike his uncle, however, he got the vessel off, after more than a fortnight's most severe exertion, and was acquitted by a Court-martial, the current having been exceptional, and the Master in fault. The effect of this extremely trying period was very marked; and some of his friends thought he never recovered it. I need not repeat here what I said about his kindness to myself in the 'History of the Burrows Family.' I at least can never forget him. He was a thoroughly domestic and affectionate man, with tastes for hunting and for antiquarian pursuits. Disappointment had perhaps made him less keen about the Navy than his distinguished uncles. It was the accident of the period of his birth which threw him out of the race, and no fault of his own.

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. SIR THOMAS AISKEW LARCOM,
BART., K.C.B.

The distinction of the family culminated in Thomas, the second son of the Commissioner, who was born in 1801, and died in 1879. Of him there ought to be a Life or Memoir written; and perhaps, some day, when the state of Ireland suggests a better reception for an account of one who practically governed it for many years, such a book will be written. Meanwhile I reprint, for the sake of the junior members of our family, a short memoir which I was asked by the President of the Royal Society (at the death of my uncle, who was one of its members) to draw up for their annual meeting, and which will be found in their Report for 1879.

Memoir.

'SIR THOMAS LARCOM, who died at Heathfield, Fareham, Hants, on June 15, was the last survivor of that remarkable band of officers of the Royal Engineers, many of whom were Fellows of this Society, whose names will never be forgotten in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. That Survey, the model in its grand comprehensiveness of the Survey of Great Britain, is perhaps, considering the period at which it was executed, the highest result of British practical science of which this country can boast, and was the work of no common men. As they have been removed one by one from among us, notices of Colby, Drummond, and Portlock have appeared in our pages; Murphy was drowned in the Euphrates on Colonel Chesney's Expedition; Robe,

Sir William Reid, and Dawson passed away long ago. Of these General Colby was the master and tutor. Selected in 1824 by the discerning eye of the Duke of Wellington for the task of executing the Survey of Ireland, and leaving it completed in 1846, his success was what might have been expected from the well-proved fertility of his inventive genius, his extraordinary force of character and self-devotion, the high moral tone which was sure to propagate itself amongst his staff. If others invented, enlarged, improved, suggested, executed, — to Colby, the Commander-in-Chief, the main credit of the Survey must always belong.

‘The only officer of this band to whose career, as a whole, that of Larcom bears any similarity, is the lamented Drummond; but Drummond’s early death prevented the full development of talents which would certainly have raised his already great fame to a still higher level than it actually attained; Larcom was permitted for a period of more than forty years to become identified with what may be called his adopted country; and his memoirs would be to a very great extent a history, for his period, of Ireland itself. Like Drummond, the work which he accomplished on the Irish Survey pointed him out as the proper person to organise and administer various branches of the Civil Service; and like him, he was made Under-Secretary for Ireland, with the marked approval of the public. It is of this varied service that we must make a brief sketch.

‘Sir Thomas Larcom resembled Generals Colby and Portlock in one respect, rather than Drummond. Like the other two Generals, he was the son of a distinguished sea-officer; and the sense of duty, the undaunted energy, the practical sagacity which all three inherited, may very clearly and very similarly be traced in their career. His father, Captain Joseph Larcom, R.N., who saw much active service, was best known by the office he held for some years as Commissioner of Malta Dockyard, on his way home from which post he died in 1818. Sir Thomas was born in 1801, joined the corps of Royal Engineers at Chatham, with a high reputation from Woolwich, in 1821, and served his first two years at Gibraltar. His early character, on its scientific side, was formed under men of genius, General Mudge, R.A., the successor of General Roy in the first operations of the English Survey, and Sir Charles Pasley, the founder of the Engineering School at Chatham. Under these officers, while learning the rudiments of his profession, he imbibed

his full share of that combined military and scientific zeal which grew out of the experiences of the Peninsular War, and was perhaps best represented before the eyes of later generations by Sir John Burgoyne, one of Larcom's truest friends. In 1824, Larcom commenced his labours in the Ordnance Survey of England, but was selected by Major Colby for the Irish Survey in 1826. Here he found himself happily coupled with one who had been known to him from boyhood, the late General Portlock, in those arduous operations of the Trigonometrical Survey by which Ireland was connected with the sister island in a network of triangulation. In 1828 he was entrusted by General Colby with the central organisation at Dublin of the whole Survey. To him was assigned, under the immediate command of his chief, the task of examining and comparing all the plans and documents as they were sent in from all portions of the Survey, of compiling them into county maps, engraving, and finally publishing them. To him fell the training and discipline of an army of draftsmen, computers, engravers, and printers, a large proportion of whom were men of his own corps. While in this position, he deserves the credit of adopting and of adapting every invention, such as that of electrotype, by which economy could be secured and production multiplied; and every Continental improvement, such as that of Contouring, a novelty at first warmly opposed, but gradually triumphant. In the course of a very few years the establishment at Mountjoy, in Phoenix Park, was without an equal in the world, the pride of Ireland, the admiration of scientific travellers. It was afterwards transferred to Southampton under the able superintendence of his brother officer, Sir Henry James.

'But Larcom was not only distinguished as a scientific man, he was pre-eminently the literary man of the party; and his mental activity was early displayed in promoting that enlargement of the original idea of the Survey which General Colby was wise enough to encourage. In the preface to the 'Memoir of Templemore,' the General says:—'Lieutenant Larcom conceived the idea that with such opportunities a small additional cost would enable him, without retarding the execution of the maps, to draw together a work embracing every description of local information relating to Ireland. He submitted this idea to me, and I obtained the sanction of the Irish Government for carrying it into effect. To him I have entrusted the execution, and this volume is the first public

result.' Colby himself, as his biographer, General Portlock, admits, 'was not an antiquarian;' Larcom was. He applied himself to the study of the Irish language, in order to qualify himself for his self-imposed task; and under his enthusiastic guidance competent persons searched every record, and made every personal investigation necessary for the historical and literary branch of the Survey. A vast body of information, of the highest value, was gradually collected; much of it already digested; the ideal would shortly have been realised, but, from motives of economy, the Government suspended operations, and the organic whole, to Larcom's intense disappointment, was not to be the crowning glory of the Ordnance Survey. Its component parts, however, were in time undertaken by various scientific bodies, some of which took their rise from these very operations now suspended. Years afterwards, the President of the Royal Irish Academy, the present distinguished Bishop of Limerick, referred to Sir Thomas Larcom in the following words:—'For my own part, I do not hesitate to express my belief that to the individual who planned and organised it [the Survey, as to its literary, historical, and statistical branches] we are indebted for some of the most important advances which have been made within the last quarter of a century in the studies relating to the history, the languages, and the antiquities of Ireland. To Lieutenant, now Major-General Sir Thomas Larcom, belongs this honour.' (Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vii. 437.) During the eight concluding years of the Irish Survey, Larcom had the entire executive charge of it, his chief's presence being required in London for the English Survey.

'In 1846, when the Irish Survey was completed, Larcom was finally adopted into the Civil Service of Ireland, as a Commissioner of the Board of Works; but he had already been an Assistant Commissioner in special connection with the works systematised by way of relief to the sufferers by the Irish famine. The immense labours of that and the next year, which were required of him as the chief director of these works, nearly brought him to the grave; and indeed it would have been impossible that he could have carried them through, had not his previous employments given him a minute acquaintance with every necessary detail. In 1832 he had prepared for Government the plans required for the Irish Reform Bill; in 1836 he had prepared the topographical portion of the Report on Irish Municipal Reform, when elaborate plans

and maps of sixty-seven towns were prepared and presented in the space of one month; in 1837 and 1838 he had executed, with a view to commencing the Irish Railways on a scientific plan, the first general map ever made in Europe on which the ground was completely delineated as one whole. In 1841 he had been a Census Commissioner, and made the great statistical advance of including in the Report an account of the classification and condition of the population as well as its numbers, an extension of the old method since adopted in Great Britain and on the Continent. In 1842 he had been a Commissioner to enquire into the state of the Royal Irish Society, and in 1845, for purposes relating to the new Queen's Colleges.

‘For none of these Commissions or other work of the sort would he ever receive any remuneration; and to this resolution he adhered, when, in subsequent years, he collected Returns of agricultural produce for the Government, when he was made Chief Commissioner for enquiry into the Irish Poor Law in 1848, and in the next year held the same place in the Commission for the reform of the Dublin Corporation. The importance of the Reports of the Boundary Commissions, over which he presided, may be judged by the fact that the Unions and electoral districts of Ireland were remodelled in accordance with the suggestions contained in them. In 1850 he became Deputy Chairman of the Board of Works; and in the year following, a member of the Senate of the Queen's University.

‘It will thus be seen that in the process which placed Ireland, during a rapid course of scientific enquiry and judicious improvement, far ahead of the larger island, Larcom was certainly one of the principal agents; and, indeed, it would be difficult to mention any one name more immediately concerned in producing that result. It was almost, then, a matter of course, that when a vacancy occurred in the Irish Under-Secretaryship, he should be selected for that post in 1853; but it distinguishes him from all others who have held it, that the office was for the first time made non-political and permanent, in order to keep him at the helm; while since his retirement, after a service of nearly seventeen years, its permanent character has been, perhaps unfortunately, abolished. During the Viceroyalty of Lords St. Germans, Carlisle, Eglinton, Kimberley, and the Duke of Abercorn, the subject of this memoir passed through the several gradations of military

rank till he became Lieutenant-General, and was decorated with the K.C.B. It was during the latter part of this time that the Fenian insurrection threatened, developed itself, and—greatly owing to General Larcom's incessant vigilance and consummate precautions—was quelled. The interruption it caused to the steady flow of Irish prosperity, which had set in after the famine and subsequent emigration, was a serious grief to the Secretary who had done so much in the previous years to remove the incumbrances of ages, and to foster the material prosperity, the education, and the social improvement of the Irish people. To name in this sketch the numerous instances of the sort, which are indeed well known, would be quite beyond our limits. For some time before his retirement he had begged to be relieved from an office which had begun to overtax his energies; but he could not be spared; nor was he the man to desert his duty as long as it was believed by his superiors that his services were necessary. When he retired, in 1869, the Government of the day bestowed on him the Baronetcy he had so well deserved, the Irish Privy Councillorship, and a pension equivalent to his pay. The exhaustive minutes drawn up by him for successive Governments, many of which furnished the speeches of Ministers and Viceroy's, form of themselves a history of the progress of Ireland; but, perhaps the best tribute to his unwearied diligence and great powers of administration, is the saying which grew to be proverbial, not only in Ireland but beyond it, that whatever the changes of Lord-Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries—and he served with some excellent ones—Ireland was always really governed by 'Larcom and the Police.' It may be questioned whether it was ever better governed. The meaning of the expression was this:—Ireland had a long breathing-time from the troubles which had so often marred her prosperity; religious and political differences were restrained by the strong hand from disturbing the peace; and the grievances which were inseparable from such a past history were mitigated by the general sense entertained of the perfect fair dealing which prevailed at head-quarters.

'This, at any rate, was the interpretation put upon his services by those best able to judge. On his resignation, Addresses, accompanying splendid gifts in plate, were presented to him by the leading noblemen, gentry, magistrates, and scientific men of Ireland; and the following sentences may be quoted:—

“ ‘Under six successive administrations, you have discharged the duties of your office with credit to yourself and with advantage to the country, with exemplary diligence and fidelity, for the preservation of social order, and the promotion of national prosperity.

“ ‘We also desire to express our grateful appreciation of the earnest and efficient manner in which for a period of forty years and upwards you have laboured in different departments of the public service to make known and turn to good account the national resources, to advance science and literature, and collect materials for the elucidation of the ancient history of Ireland.’ ”

‘It will be gathered from the sketch of Sir Thomas Larcom’s life here presented, that he was too busily occupied in administrative labours to leave behind him any extensive contributions to literature. He was rather the instigator and pioneer of scientific research, the founder or co-founder of scientific Societies, the dispenser of assistance to them from his position in the Government. But, besides the volumes of the ‘Irish Ordnance Survey,’ which have been mentioned as chiefly compiled by him, his edition of Sir William Petty’s famous ‘Down Survey,’ is a work of merit ; and he contributed several articles to the ‘Aide Mémoire,’ as well as very interesting and better-known memoirs of his friends Drummond and Portlock to the ‘Professional Papers of the Royal Engineers.’

It only remains to say that, soon after his retirement, Sir Thomas bought a place named Heathfield, about a mile from Fareham, on the Titchfield Road, where he took much pleasure in the improvement of the property, and occupied himself unremittingly in collecting, and putting into available form, materials for the illustration of the times through which he had lived. By far the greater part of his work was, as might be supposed, in relation to Ireland. This valuable collection (which had been begun long before his retirement), handsomely bound in many hundreds of thick volumes, he charged me in his will with the task of distributing to various Societies, chiefly in Ireland ; but one special secret collection was to become Lord Kimberley’s property if he would accept it, as he did. He was the Lord Lieutenant under whom our uncle served in stamping out the Fenian insurrection. For some time after his retirement he was frequently consulted by

the Government on Irish affairs; but growing infirmities gradually put a stop to his usefulness in this respect.

His declining years were cheered and soothed not only by the affectionate wife who, as the admired daughter of the fine old general Sir George D'Aguilar, had elected to share his fortunes in early life, by the beloved daughter whom he was permitted to see happily married before his death, and by the frequent visits of his son Arthur of the Foreign Office, but by his sister Harriet, whose proximity at Anglesey had been one chief cause of the selection of Heathfield for a residence. The other sons were abroad. Those years were saddened by the premature death of the two elder sons: but their father used to reflect with pride that they, as well as Charles, had all served their country in war, and all obtained medals; and he took infinite pleasure in his weekly correspondence with George in India, till the disease which the son contracted forced him to come home to die in the arms of his parents.

Slight as this notice necessarily is in this place, it cannot but convey some idea of a very remarkable life. In its devotion to public duty it did not fall short of the standard set up, as we have seen, by the preceding generation, but it more especially reproduces the lineaments of our grandfather. Probably this country could show no more laborious or successful public servant during Sir Thomas Larcom's period. What he did for Ireland will never be understood till some competent hand undertakes the task of expounding it. But what is so peculiar is the grasp which he lays on the future. It was not enough to develop the long past history of Ireland by the most laborious research, nor to govern the Irish of his own day with the most resolute, unflagging energy; unborn generations should be provided for. Amongst them some historian might arise who would venture to grapple with the task denied to himself by his unceasing occupations, and to whom it should not be open to say that he had no materials for the work which he aspired to produce. Knowing how that unhappy people had suffered by the falsification of their records, and the misrepresentation of so-called patriots, he would give the world a chance of some day arriving at the truth in reference to the one period during which they had been effectively governed. These are the ideas of a philosopher. It is an honour to the family to have produced such a man.

n).

rn 1713, ob. Aug. 8, 1755.

Charity Banton
26, 1773.

nn Larcom,
born 1766,
Oct. 12, 1846.

	March 18, 1840		
General Sir Thomas = Georgina, Aiskew Larcom, st Bart., K.C.B., Irish Privy Councillor, born Apr. 22, 1801, ob. June 15, 1879.	daughter of General Sir George D'Aguilar, K.C.B.	Elizabeth Larcom, born Feb. 25, 1804, ob. May 31, 1866.	Harriet Georgina Larcom. born Apr. 3, 1806.

873 Colonel Griffiths, 19th Regt.	Arthur, of H.M. Foreign Office, born Nov. 9, 1847.
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p is, ie 21, i,), 1883.	Gerald Rogers Larcom, born Oct. 19, 1879.
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PEDIGREE OF THE LARCOM FAMILY.

Thomas Larcom (1) of Whippingham, Isle of Wight = Mary — (surname unknown).

July 19, 1731

Thomas Larcom (2), born Feb. 17, 1708, ob. Apr. 24, 1784, = (1) Hannah — (surname unknown), born 1713, ob. Aug. 8, 1755.
'of Wootton Bridge,' 'came out of the Isle of Wight.'

(2) — (name unknown).

(3) Mary — ob. Dec. 29, 1783.

Sept. 5, 1757

Thomas Larcom (3), born Dec. 15, 1732, ob. Feb. 12, 1768 = Charity Banton, daughter of Joseph and Charity Banton (of Pembroke); born 1735, ob. July 26, 1773.

Mar. 13, 1792

Thomas Larcom (4),
born Oct. 27, 1759,
ob. April 24, 1804.
Captain R.N.

Ann Larcom,
died young.

Joseph Larcom =
born May 26, 1764,
ob. Feb. 18, 1818.
Captain R.N.,
Commissioner of
Malta Dockyard.

Ann Hollis,
daughter of
William and
Hannah Hollis,
born Dec. 2, 1760,
ob. 1843.

Ann Larcom,
born 1766,
ob. Oct. 12, 1846.

1813

Mary Anne Paffard Larcom, —
born 1794, ob. Apr. 1832.

Lieut.-General Montagu Burrows,
born June 18, 1775, ob. Feb. 23, 1848.

Joseph Paffard Dickson Larcom, =
Captain R.N.,
born Sept. 14, 1795, ob. s. p. 1850.

1844.

Westmoreland
Jane,
daughter of
Admiral McKinley,
born Mar. 25, 1807.

Elizabeth
Larcom,
born Oct. 15,
1797,
ob. June 4,
1800.

March 18, 1840

General Sir Thomas =
Aiskew Larcom,
1st Bart., K.C.B., Irish
Privy Councillor,
born Apr. 22, 1801,
ob. June 15, 1879.

Georgina,
daughter of
General
Sir George
D'Aguilar,
ob. May 31,
1866.

Elizabeth
Larcom,
born Feb.
25, 1804,
ob. May 31,
1806.

Harriet Georgina
Larcom,
born Apr. 3,
1806.

Henry
William
Arthur
George,
ob. March 1,
1883.

Montagu.

Leonard
Francis.

Edward
Hollis.

John Larcom,
Amy Frances,
Mary Anne Frances.

George D'Aguilar,
Political Agent at Jinjeera,
Bombay Presidency,
born Dec. 10, 1840,
ob. unun. June 16, 1878.

Thomas Heury,
Commander R.N.,
born Apr. 7, 1842,
ob. unun. Aug. 14, 1877.

Sir Charles, Major = Jeanie Perceval,
R.A., 2nd Bart.,
born Dec. 2, 1843.

Dec. 29, 1881

— Perceval, Esq.
Thomas Perceval,
born Oct. 5, 1882.

Aug. 7, 1873

Georgina Frances, = Colonel Griffiths,
born Sept. 15, 1845, 19th Regt.

Maude
Evelyn
Georgina,
born July 6,
1874.

Philip
Francis,
born June 11,
1876,
ob. Apr. 19, 1883.

Gerald
Rogers
Larcom,
born Oct. 19,
1879.

Arthur,
of H.M. Foreign Office,
born Nov. 9, 1847.

17, 1695,

Aiskew.

Several other children
through whom the Paffards
were connected with the
families of Oades, Lys,
Moubray, &c.

Ann,
mm.

3, 1792.

George M^cKinley,
Admiral,
born Dec. 9, 1766,
ob. Jan. 18, 1852.

Francis,
died
young.

Capt. Joseph Larcom,
born Sept. 14, 1795,
ob. s. p. 1850.

Margaret, Caroline,
(both died young).

James,
born Nov. 30,
ob. Jan. 1,
1863.

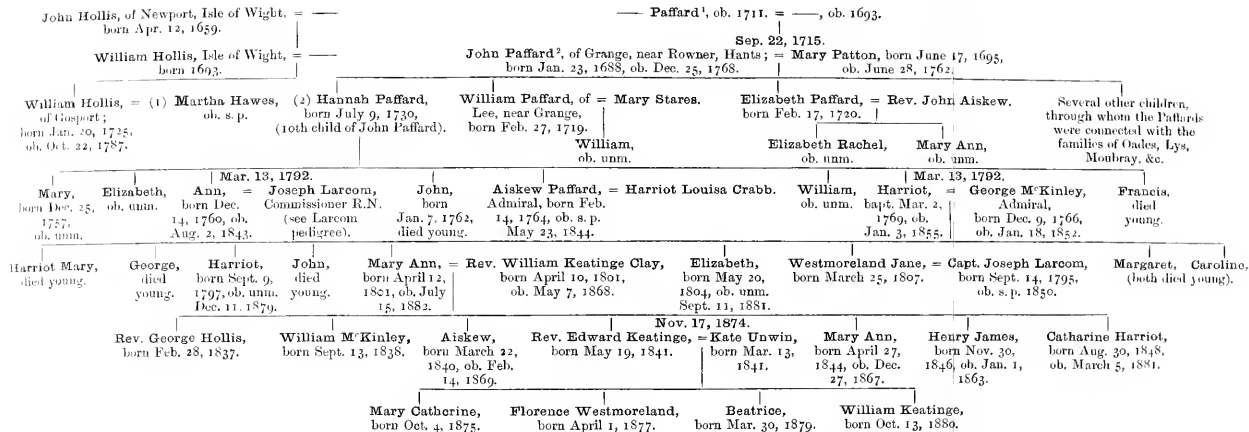
Catharine Harriot,
born Aug. 30, 1848,
ob. March 5, 1881.

e,
o.

aters.

Francis Eames, the family

PEDIGREE OF THE PAFFARD AND HOLLIS FAMILIES.



¹ The Paffards of this generation were closely connected with the families of Fulford, Benson, Burbidge, and Waters.

² John Paffard's sister married — Eames, Esq.; her son, John Eames, Esq., was M.P. for Portsmouth, and through another son, Francis Eames, the family were closely connected with Lady Holmes, of the Isle of Wight, and Admiral Parry.

side P. 76.

Edward Lingee. Major of Portsmouth

in 1745. 53. 61-71-76 & 1780. -

Robert Newham. Alderman 1726.

Edward Lingee " 1744.

Lie Edward Hawke (Lt. H.) " 1749. -

John Hollis Burgess of Portsmouth 1567.

Humphreys Hollis. Miles 1667.

John Hollis 1682.

Lie Brocas Gardner 1701.

Robert Newham. Surgeon. 29 Sep: 1718.

Edward Lingee Apothecary 10 April 1728.

Richard Newham 1728.

Thomas Lingee Master Rope-maker 28 Sep: 1731.
of Dockyard

Edward Lingee sons of Alderman (20 May

Robert Lingee } Lingee 1751

Samuel Hood grandson of Alderman)

Henry Hood do Lingee do 19 Sep: 176

Robert Lingee do do 1775

Edward Lingee jun: Surgeon. 1775

Cristophus with see 1688.

The mother of Henry Hood - Lie Lingee was a
Miss ...

HECKMAN

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